★ April 19, 1941

THE NEW YORKER

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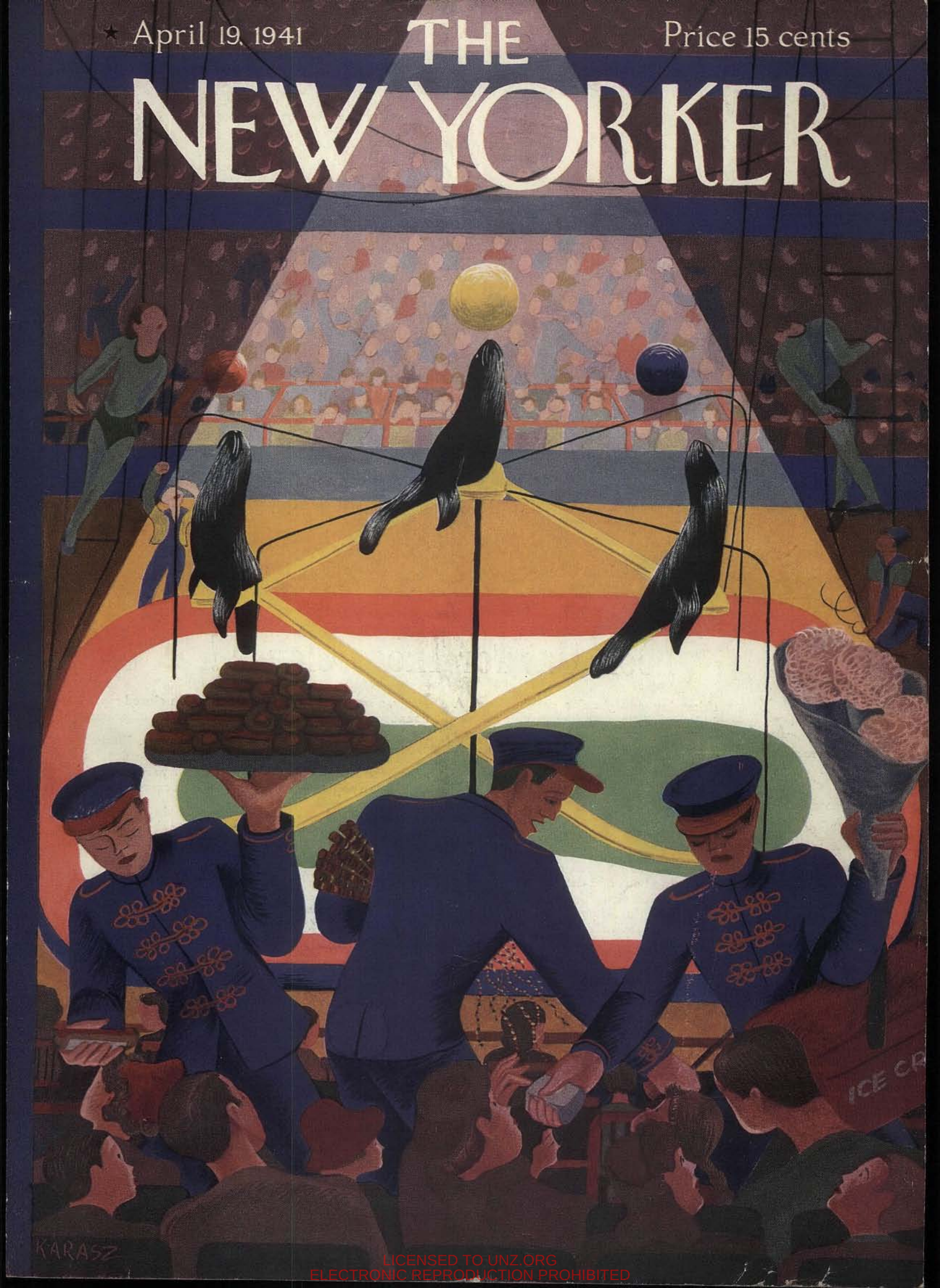

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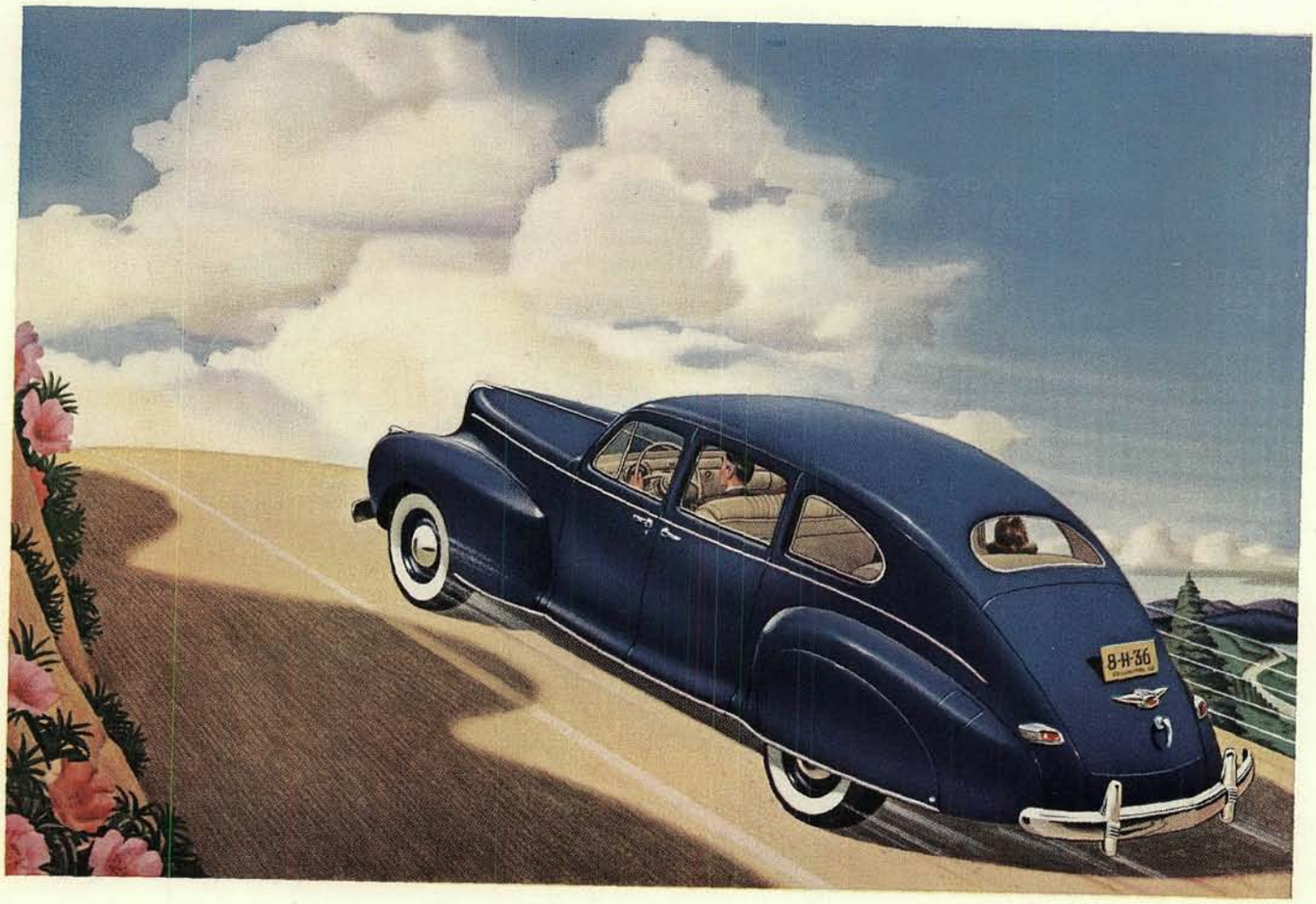

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YOU'RE skimming straight for the horizon! A warm wind softly fans your face as you soar to the crest of the hill. And stretching below you are ribbons of roads and trees that dwindle to pencils . . . *Watch out*—or you'll bump into one of those big, billowy clouds! You're driving a new Lincoln-Zephyr, mister, and that means you're *riding high!*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Charley's Aunt—Believe it or not, this old chestnut has been made into one of the pleasantest shows around. Joshua Logan's direction and José Ferrer's splendid performance are mainly responsible. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. A first-class comedy that turns into a rather disappointing problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore triumphant in Emlyn Williams' play about a teacher who discovers a genius. The cast also includes Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., April 17.)

The Doctor's Dilemma—An excellent revival of Shaw's play about the medical profession, which isn't nearly as dated as you'd expect. Katharine Cornell and Raymond Massey head a remarkable cast, which includes Bramwell Fletcher, Cecil Humphreys, Clarence Derwent, Whitford Kane, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Flight to the West—The struggle against Fascism debated by a planeload of assorted characters on their way from Lisbon to New York. Elmer Rice's play has its eloquent moments, although it sometimes sacrifices drama for polemic. Sylvia Weld, Arnold Moss, Paul Hernried, and Hugh Marlowe do most of the talking. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. An intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40, PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40 Mats. 2:40, Wed and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—This, of course, is the play about Mr. Woollcott, and extremely funny it is, too. George Kaufman and Moss Hart did the writing and Monty Woolley plays the great man. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Mr. and Mrs. North—It takes Mrs. North's active mind to figure out who killed the postman and the guest in the closet. Owen Davis has made a very attractive comedy out of the mystery story by Frances and Richard Lockridge. Peggy Conklin, Albert Hackett, Philip Ober, and Millard Mitchell are in the cast. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—A fine, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. With Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., April 17.)

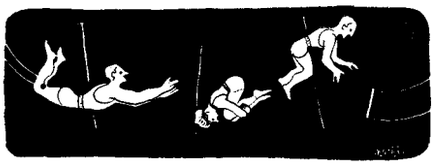
Native Son—A considerably toned-down and simplified version of Richard Wright's novel, but still very moving and provocative. Canada Lee gives a remarkable performance in the leading rôle and Orson Welles has done an expert job of direction. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Old Acquaintance—Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood in John van Druten's civilized play about love and dirty work among the lady authors. Kent Smith and Adele Longmire assist. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

Out of the Frying Pan—A pleasant comedy about some boys and girls who want to get on the stage. Alfred Drake, Reynolds Evans, and Florence MacMichael help a lot. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Separate Rooms—Old-time bedroom roughhouse that's agreeable enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 26.

Watch on the Rhine—A family of refugees from Germany bring the great problems of today into an American household. Lillian Hellman's eloquent play has been magnificently produced by Herman Shumlin, with a fine cast headed by Paul Lukas, Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, and George Coulouris. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Hellz-a-Poppin—This free-for-all is now rounding out its third season, with the Messrs. Olsen and Johnson just as daft as ever. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

It Happens on Ice—Some of the greatest skaters in the world turned loose on one of the biggest stages. Joe Cook has dropped out, but there are several new numbers. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.; extra Mats. Thurs. and Fri., April 17-18.)

Lady in the Dark—Moss Hart's combination of music and psychology is beautifully produced but might be fairly tiresome without Gertrude Lawrence. Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin wrote the songs and Albertina Rasch is responsible for the choreography. With Danny Kaye, Macdonald Carey, and Bert Lytell. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—A fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics, possibly under the late Senator Long, written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. Victor Moore is at his best as a New England reformer, and William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Meet the People—A revue from Hollywood that won't be one of your great experiences this season but won't do you any harm, either. The girls and music are attractive enough. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Pal Joey—John O'Hara's *New Yorker* series successfully transplanted to the stage with the assistance of Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, and George Abbott. Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, June Havoc, and Jack Durant represent the perfect heel and some of his little playmates. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Panama Hattie—An excellent musical comedy, with Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. Cole Porter wrote the music and the cast includes Arthur Treacher, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Beautiful People—William Saroyan's new comedy, staged and produced by the author. Opens Mon., April 21. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

British Benefit—John Buckmaster has organized a variety program which will include Sir James Barrie's short play "Shall We Join the Ladies?," with Constance Collier, Dudley Digges, Philip Merivale, and Peggy Wood, among others: Sat. Eve., April 19, at midnight. (Jolson Theatre, 7 Ave. at 59. CO 5-8707.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Blue Hill Troupe presenting "Trial by Jury" and "The Sorcerer": Wed. through Fri. Eves., April 23-25, at 8:45. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. For tickets, call SA 2-5915.)

Children's Entertainment—Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman will present a series of dance recitals designed especially for children: Fri. Aft., April 18, at 4, and Sat. and Sun. Afts., April 19-20, at 3. (108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)... The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Hansel and Gretel": Sat. Aft., April 19, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry and his orchestra play for dancing in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Felix Ferry is in charge of things, which should give you a good idea. Leo Dryer's orchestra will be replaced by Bob Knight's on Tues., April 22.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A not-too-literal dream of the tropics, with white palms, gleaming coconuts, and all. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Every night for the every-nighters. Ernie Holst's orchestra, Don De Vodi's rumba band, and a Mexican singer.

Fefé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—Tito Guizar is singing in this big and handsome place. Music by Ted Straeter's orchestra.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeably unhurried retreat, with Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras on hand to help you relax.

Park Lane, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Harold Spierer's orchestra, specializing in waltzes, plays in the Tapestry Room until 10 P.M. or so (until midnight, Thurs.).

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The new show in the perennial Persian Room includes Paul Haakon at the dinner hour and the De Marcos at supper. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Way, way up there, you'll find Mili Monti. Matty Malneck's orchestra, and the Velero Sisters' rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.... Barry Winton's orchestra is now in its second year in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Dorothy Lewis and Hazel Franklin head a brief but charming ice show in the Iridium Room, where Hal Saunders' orchestra plays for dancing. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde continues to preside over the Café Lounge, where Bob Grant's orchestra will be replaced by Emile Petti's on Fri., April 18.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Sonny Kendis's and Ray Benson's orchestras.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Among the East Side's larger ones. Sheila Barrett and Paul Draper will be there through Wed., April 23. The following night, Joe E. Lewis will take over. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band will stay on.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The

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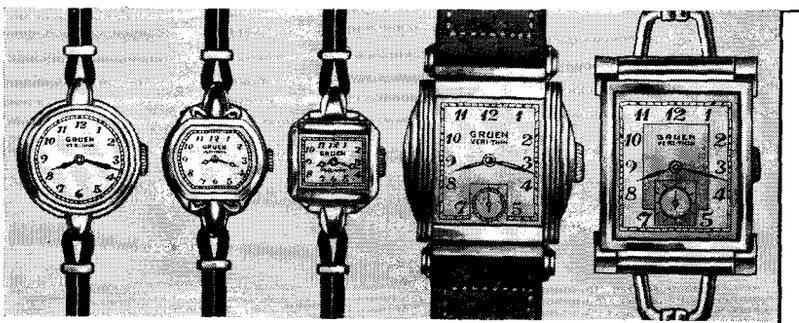

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VERI-THIN‡ LEADER. 15-jewel movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case. Guildite back...$29.75

VERI-THIN‡ DUNBAR. 17-jewel movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case. Guildite back..... $45.00 With leather strap. $39.75

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sert Room reopened recently with Xavier Cugat's orchestra and a show headed by Rosario and Antonio.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Mildred Bailey, Brenda Forbes, and other capable performers. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): swing by Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen and robust songs by Spivy—all on top of an office building. . . . **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Paula Laurence sings every night except Mon., and is well worth hearing. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a large, gay place, with Danny Kaye and, naturally, a rumba band. Closed Mon. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a nice, small retreat, with George Sterney's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by George Morris's orchestra. . . . **MONTPARNASSE**, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with Jack Gilford and such capable Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and John Kirby's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): for la conga, with Jack Harris's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): only a step from Carnegie Hall, and a good place to drop into after a concert. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Clyde Lucas's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Paul Baron's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Bobby Byrne's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra will be replaced by Gene Krupa's on Mon., April 21. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Ford Harrison's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with magic by Russell Swann and music by Art Barker's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, currently inhabited by the Revuers. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

•

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **BEACHCOMBER**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): torrid-zonish, with Carmen Amaya and Pancho's rumba band. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): quite a lot of South American carryings-on, including the inevitable rumba band. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Pat Harrington and Frankie Hyers are also active. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Mae Murray, Nita Naldi, Dr. Rockwell, and Joe E. Howard. . . . **GAY WHITE WAY**, B'way at 48 (CI 7-4400): George White's big establishment now has Gus Arnheim's orchestra and a new show.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Kenneth Spencer, Art Tatum, Ammons and Johnson, and Red Allen's band. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Jimmy McPartland has joined the regulars who play here every night, except Mon. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Maxine Sullivan, the Clarence Profit Trio, and Frank Newton's band are on hand nightly, except Tues. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Babe Russin and his orchestra, with the bar patrons for an audience. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton and his trio are helping launch this new place. Fill-in band Tues.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

BENTON—New paintings, in his first showing in two years: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 3.

BLATAS—Oils, smudgily Soutinesque in treatment but forceful and well organized: French Art, 51 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 26.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern P'kway—The eleventh biennial water-color exhibition, including many lively papers. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 11.

CAÑEDO—Surrealist paintings, somewhat in the style of Di Chirico but less assured in design: Schneider-Gabriel, 71 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., April 18.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 26.

DE LEMPICKA—Very cleverly painted oils, representing a curious blend of the Pre-Raphaelite and the intensely modern: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 19.

DICKINSON—Landscapes done in agreeably muted greens: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 19.

DOVE—New paintings, deeper in color but as whirly and fanciful as ever: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 17.

DRAWINGS—Wide selection of works, from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries, by artists of all schools: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 26.

EARLY AMERICAN—Middling good portraits by Copley, Stuart, and so on and a superb set of old-fashioned mosaic glass paperweights. A Bundles for Britain benefit show: Lyon, 15 E. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., April 25.

EUROPEAN—Rather scattered but occasionally interesting collection of post-Renaissance paintings, from Van Cleve to Tiepolo: Koetser, 71 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 3.

FINGESTEN—Small sculptures, baroque in style, in a promising first one-man showing: Sterner, 9 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 19.

FRENCH—At the **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57: drawings and water colors, some of them superb, by Braque, Léger, Picasso, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 26. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57: a remarkably absorbing collection of early paintings by Monet, Pissarro, and Sisley (through Sat., April 19); also, paintings by Arturo Souto (through Sat., April 26). Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: small paintings by modern members of the Paris school. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 3.

GROSZ—An artist who's been specializing in still lifes now turns his attention to nudes: Walker, 108 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 26.

GROUPS—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 43 E. 51: a spring exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by a variety of contemporary Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 26. . . . **DREY**, 11 E. 57: French and American flower paintings in a selection that ranges from Courbet to Picasso and from Glackens to Speicher. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 26. . . .

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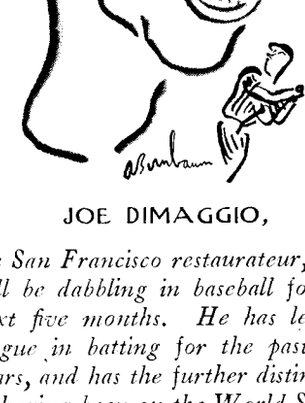

JOE DIMAGGIO,

the San Francisco restaurateur, who will be dabbling in baseball for the next five months. He has led his league in batting for the past two years, and has the further distinction of having been on the World Series-winning team the first four years of his big-league career, but he's not really contented. Something has almost always come up to prevent his being in the opening lineup of the year.

LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57: oils by Derain, Chagall, and other Europeans, plus two Americans, Feininger and Nordfeldt. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 26.

INDEPENDENTS—The big no-jury annual, this year celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Sat., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 7.

LAURENT—A highly intelligent, deeply sophisticated American sculptor in one of his rare showings: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 19.

MEXICAN—Orozco, Rivera, and Siqueiros, as well as a number of younger, less well-known modern painters: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 3.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—An exhibition of American Indian art that offers some handsome carvings, paintings, metalwork, and sculpture, in addition to baskets and blankets. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 27.

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76—Large exhibit of works—from seventeenth-century prints to modern paintings and drawings—having to do with New York subjects. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 18.

PEIRCE—This Maine painter is showing new oils and water colors: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 3.

PISSARRO—A beautifully selected exhibition of twenty-nine paintings, covering his work from 1864 to 1901: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., April 22.

ROUAULT—Thirty-eight paintings, mostly from the recent loan show at the Boston Institute of Modern Art. An important exhibit: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 3.

SCHARL—Sharply Expressionist oils in a first one-man showing of considerable interest: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 19.

HERE AND THERE—At the **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: paintings by Orland Campbell. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 28. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: water colors by John Whorf. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 26. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington, at 61: paintings and drawings by Federico Castellón. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **PARZINGER**, 54 E. 57: religious art in sculpture, paintings, and other media. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 10. . . . **HARLOW, KEPPEL**, 670 5 Ave., at 53: oils and black-and-whites by Forain. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 26. . . . **MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**, Central Pk. W. at 79: water colors by Courtenay Brandreth. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **BONESTELL**, 106 E. 57: paintings by Tofel. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 19. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 38 W. 57: tenth annual midseason group exhibition. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through May 3. . . . **ALLISON**, 32 E. 57: drawings and lithographs by George Bellows. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 10. . . . **UPTOWN**, 249 West End Ave., at 72: oils by Charles Harsanyi. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 1. . . . **RIVERSIDE MUSEUM**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103: paintings and sculptures by Mexican children. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 27. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: circus scenes by Guy Pène du Bois, Henry Schnakenberg, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 3.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460. Other box-office numbers are given below.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., April 17, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., April 18, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., April 20, at 3; Thurs. Eve., April 24, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., April 25, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., April 26, at 8:45. (Soloists: Milstein, April 17, 18, and 20; Serkin, April 24-26.) . . . Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat. Morn., April 19, at 11.

N.B.C. SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., April 19, at 9:35. (Soloist: Horowitz.)

RIVERDALE SCHOOL CHORUSES—Town Hall, Fri. Eve., April 18, at 8:15. (BR 9-9447.)

WORLD'S FAIR BAND—Captain La Barre conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., April 18, at 8:30.

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS—Stoessel conducting Parker's "Hora Novissima": Sat. and Mon. Eves., April 19 and 21, at 8:30. (130 Claremont Ave., at 122. MO 2-3302.)

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—MacArthur conducting the Music Project orchestra: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., April 20, at 8:45. (Soloist: Smeterlin.)

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Klemperer conducting a group of some seventy musicians: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., April 21, at 8:30.

ORCHESTRETTE CLASSIQUE—Frederique Petrides conduct-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 26.

ing: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Mon. Eve., April 21, at 8:30.

BRITISH BENEFIT—Valentina Vishnevska, Nadia Reisenberg, Michel Piastro, and Joseph Schuster: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., April 22, at 8:30.

NIGHT-CLUB CONCERT—Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, John Kirby's band, and other entertainers from the uptown and downtown branches of Café Society in a program of spirituals, boogie-woogie, and classics, winding up with a big jam session. A benefit for the Musicians' Union: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., April 23, at 8:30.

OPERA

SALMAGGI COMPANY—"Carmen," Sat. Eve., April 19, at 8:15; "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Sun. Eve., April 20, at 8:30; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., April 26, at 8:30. (Jolson Theatre, 7 Ave. at 59. CO 5-8707.)

MONTE CARLO COMPANY—"Madama Butterfly," Sat. Eve., April 19; "La Traviata," Sun. Eve., April 20; at 8:30. (Majestic, 44, W. of B'way. CI 6-0730.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thurs. Aft., April 17, at 3:15; Yankees vs. Boston, Wed. and Thurs. Afts., April 23-24, at 3:15; Yankees vs. Washington, Fri. Aft., April 25, at 3:15, and Sat. Aft., April 26, at 3. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Giants, Thurs. Aft., April 17, at 3; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Wed. and Thurs. Afts., April 23-24, at 3; Dodgers vs. Boston, Fri. Aft., April 25, at 3, and Sat. Aft., April 26, at 2:30. . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri. Aft., April 18, at 3:15, and Sat. Aft., April 19, at 3; Giants vs. Dodgers, Sun. Aft., April 20, at 3, and Mon. and Tues. Afts., April 21-22, at 3:15.

CREW—On **SAT. AFT., APRIL 19**—Columbia-Rutgers, Harlem River: freshmen at 1; junior varsity at 1:30; varsity at 2. . . . Navy-Princeton, Annapolis: freshmen at 3; junior varsity at 3:30; varsity at 4.

SAT. AFT., APRIL 26—Columbia-Navy, Harlem River: freshmen at 5; junior varsity at 5:30; varsity at 6. . . . Rowe Cup, Harvard-M.I.T., Cambridge: freshmen at 4; junior varsity at 4:30; varsity at 4:45. . . . Pennsylvania-Rutgers, Philadelphia: freshmen at 4:20; junior varsity at 4:40; varsity at 5. . . . Yale-Syracuse, Derby, Conn.: junior varsity at 5; varsity at 5:30.

HORSE SHOW—Wall Street Riding Club, Riding and Polo Club, 7 W. 66, Sat., April 19, at 1 and 7:30 P.M.

HUNT RACES—Grand National Point-to-Point, Hereford, Md., Sat. Aft., April 19, at 4. . . . Maryland Hunt Cup, Glyndon, Sat. Aft., April 26, at 4.

RACING—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 2:15 P.M.; through May 10. The Excelsior Handicap, April 19; the Wood Memorial, April 26. (Special trains leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:05 and 1:40 P.M. on Sat., and between 12:20 and 1:40 P.M. on other weekdays.)

OTHER EVENTS

THE CIRCUS—Brace yourself, and thank Norman Bel Geddes, for a lot that's new about the old Ringling show: Madison Square Garden. Performances daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.; through May 4.

BENEFITS AND PUBLIC BALLS—The Ballet Ball, for British dancers: St. Regis, Thurs. Eve., April 17, at 11. . . . The Waltz Ball, for the National Orchestral Association: Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., April 18, at 10:30. . . . The Illustrators' Ball: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., April 18, at 10. . . . The Red, White, and Blue Ball, for the Soldiers and Sailors Club: Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., April 25, at 8.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—The first part of the A. Edward Newton collection of books and manuscripts: Thurs. Aft., April 17, at 2, and Thurs. and Fri. Eves., April 17-18, at 8:15. . . . English and French furniture, Georgian silver, carved ivories, tapestries, paintings, and rugs, belonging to the late Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Frank P. Sheridan, Saul E. Rogers, and others: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., April 17-19, at 2.

MEREDITH GALLERIES, 29 W. 47—Six Rodin bronzes, paintings by LeBrun, David, and others, and French, English, and American furniture, from the collections of the late Rodman Wanamaker and others: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., April 17-19, at 1.

ON THE AIR

SYMPHONIC MUSIC—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, Thurs. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Fri. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Sat. Eve., April 19, at 9:35, WJZ (soloist, Horowitz; final concert of the season). . . . N.B.C. String Symphony, Black conducting, Sun. Afts. at 2, WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC. . . . Ford Symphony, Sun. Eves. at 9, WABC.

DANCE BANDS—Benny Goodman, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WJZ. . . . Guy Lombardo, Mon. Eves. at 10, WABC, and Wed. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Glenn Miller, Tues., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 10, WABC.

THIS AND THAT—Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell, Thurs. Eves. at 9, WEAF. . . . Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . "Information Please," Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . André Kostelanetz and Albert Spalding, Sun. Afts. at 4:30, WABC. . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—John Gunther, Fri. Eves. at 8, WJZ. . . . H. V. Kaltenborn, Sat. Eves. at 7:45, and Sun. Afts. at 3:15, WEAF. . . . Drew Pearson and Robert Allen, Sun. Eves. at 7:30, WJZ. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Tues. and Thurs. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon., Tues., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

BACK STREET—Love and tears and beautiful clothes, all in this screen version of Fannie Hurst's old novel. With Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Tues., April 22. . . . Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Fri. through Mon., April 18-21. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., April 20-23.)

BLACKOUT—Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt in a British melodrama of London, spies, love, and adventure, and not a dull moment. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. through Sat., April 24-26.)

FANTASIA—Walt Disney's wondrous combination of Bach, Beethoven, Mickey Mouse, Stokowski with the Philadelphia, Pa., Symphony Orchestra, Deems Taylor, and humor and beauty and general exaltation. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 10:40 A.M. and Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

GO WEST—With the Marx Brothers gone wild and woolly, and all full of life and laughter. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. and Wed., April 22-23. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., April 22-26.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR—Charlie Chaplin's dissertation on the great problem of the day, with many a delightful suggestion of the old Chaplin, too. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Wed., April 23. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Tues., April 18-22.)

THE LADY EVE—Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda, and considerable lively byplay devised by Preston Sturges. A stimulant. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., April 21. . . . State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., April 23.)

MEET JOHN DOE—Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper, and Edward Arnold assembled for a Capra film of the average American citizen and his problems today. A little highfalutin. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

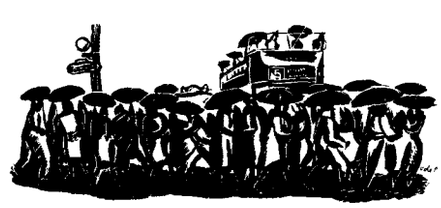
MR. AND MRS. SMITH—Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery in a comedy of youthful marriage which, though directed by Alfred Hitchcock, has only mild humor. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., April 18-20. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., April 19-21. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., April 22-23.)

NIGHT TRAIN—The great British thriller of the moment, and very strenuous and surprising it is. With Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., April 23-24. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Beacon, B'way at 75; starting Thurs., April 24.)

PÉPÉ LE MOKO—The famous French film, with Jean Gabin, from which our "Algiers" was derived. Perhaps a bit faded, yet unquestionably of an exotic and exciting world. (World, 153 W. 49.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY—A sumptuous filming of the Barry play of the rich and their woes and soul troubles, acted beautifully by Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart and Cary Grant are also involved. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., April 20-22.)

STRAWBERRY BLONDE—Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney in a new screen adaptation of "One Sunday Afternoon," that play of life at the turn of the century. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., April 19-21. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sun. through Wed., April 20-23. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., April 23-24.)



THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!—A big costume piece based vaguely on the legend of Emma and Lord Nelson. With Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., April 23.)

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD—Some Technicolored flying carpets, a djinni, and so forth, straight from the "Arabian Nights." Pretty and youthful. With Sabu and Conrad Veidt. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Thurs., April 17.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Sketchy and modulated version of the celebrated play and novel. Directed by John Ford, but marked throughout by a faltering reticence. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. through Wed., April 21-23. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., April 22-23.)

REVIVALS

THE AWFUL TRUTH (1937)—Nonsense about divorce. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. and Sat., April 18-19.)

BLOCKADE (1938)—War, Spain, and spies. Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., April 18.)

BRINGING UP BABY (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., April 22-23.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Very French. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs., April 17.)

CHAPLIN COMEDIES (1916-17)—"The Vagabond," "The Immigrant," "The Cure," "The Count," "The Adventurer," and "Easy Street," all two-reel shorts. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., April 20-21.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., April 19.)

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS (1939)—Robert Donat is the English schoolmaster. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. and Sat., April 18-19. . . . Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Tues. through Thurs., April 22-24.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., April 20-21.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the Revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., April 22-23.)

LOVE AFFAIR (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., April 18-19.)

THE MAD MISS MANTON (1938)—Murder and the Junior League. Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., April 20-21.)

MAYERLING (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs., April 17.)

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER (1937)—The Mauch Twins, Errol Flynn, and Claude Rains reviving Mark Twain. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., April 20-21.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., April 18-19. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., April 23-25.)

TWO HEARTS IN WALTZ TIME (1930)—Typical Viennese operetta. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., April 17.)

VIVACIOUS LADY (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. and Mon., April 20-21.)

THE YOUNG IN HEART (1938)—Sentimental age-and-youth comedy. Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., April 19.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing a series of American comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: On **THURS., APRIL 17**: "Bombshell," Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, and Franchot Tone. **FRI., APRIL 18**: "Million Dollar Legs," Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Lyda Roberti, and Ben Turpin. **SAT., APRIL 19**: "Trouble in Paradise," Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, and Herbert Marshall. **SUN., APRIL 20**: "Hands Up," Raymond Griffith and Marian Nixon; and "Two Tars," Laurel and Hardy. **MON., APRIL 21**: "High and Dizzy," Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; "The Navigator," Buster Keaton; and "Dream of a Rarebit Fiend." **TUES., APRIL 22**: "He Comes Up Smiling" and "A Modern Musketeer," both with Douglas Fairbanks. **WED., APRIL 23**: four 1915 Chaplin films. **THURS., APRIL 24**: four 1914 Chaplin films. **FRI., APRIL 25**: four 1915 Chaplin films. **SAT., APRIL 26**: "The Thin Man," Myrna Loy and William Powell.

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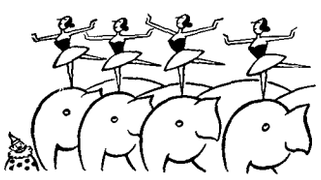
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT is more than two thousand years since Thermopylae and a hundred since a poet with a clubfoot looked down on the Aegean and sang bitterly about the decadence of Greece. There were new passes and new battles last week and, as we write this, nobody dares to guess what is going to come of them, but Byron, wherever he is, can stop worrying about the bravery of the Greeks. The Pyrrhic phalanx has formed again, though the odds against it are even more terrible than they were before; the old campfires are burning as brightly as they ever did in the mountains over Marathon, though nearly half the world is massed to put them out.

WE went to the circus on opening night, and we're damned if we know just what to make of it. The tanbark, as you've probably read, has turned a lovely blue; the roustabouts have been dressed up like little Dutch boys, their pale, tough Brooklyn faces springing in amazement from their dainty blouses; the big parade that used to blare and prance around the ring glides by on rubber wheels, Mother Bel Geddes' Nursery Rhymes gliding by, cushioned on air and whimsy; the Black Jaguar and the Berber Lion snarl from a chromium jungle, bathed in a cold, artistic light; merrily beats the streamlined drum. We don't know exactly what seemed wrong to us at the Garden this year. It is probably captious to say that the stern, metallic beauty of functional design has no



place in a circus or that Albertina Rasch girls look out of place on elephants. All we do know is that the symbol, the essence of the whole performance isn't a beautiful, yellow-haired girl on a high-stepping white horse, as it was when we were young. It is a handful of blue sawdust sifting gently through the fingers of an air-conditioned ape.

SPEAKING of Gargantua, we have a theory about his strange and embarrassingly public love life. It came to us the other night while we were standing in front of his divided cell and watching the expression on the bridegroom's face as he stared through the glass partition at his hypothetical mate. There was astonishment in his uneasy gaze and a certain amount of outrage. It was clear that M'Toto didn't impress him favorably as a woman; as a matter of fact, she seemed to be giving him the horrors. We realized suddenly that Gargantua's unusual life has given him no conception whatever of his own appearance, no notion that he himself is squat, hideous, and chilling to delicate nerves. Like Flopit in "Seventeen," who smelled of violets and never thought of himself as being a dog, Gargantua probably has no idea that he is a gorilla. For all we know, his private image of himself may resemble Mr. George S. Kaufman, or even a

gazelle with big brown eyes. In any case, we're sure that he finds his proximity to M'Toto both mysterious and insulting. The idea of having any truck with a fat primate must strike him as being as unthinkable as it is obscene.

LIKE the common safety pin, many of the greatest inventions are surprisingly simple, and our own latest is simplicity itself, being no more than a blank, or silent, phonograph record. Installed in every juke box in town, this intelligent device would make it possible for any man to buy from five cents' to a couple of dollars' worth of pure, golden silence any time he felt like feeding the machine. The lover, desperately shouting his tender messages over the uproar of the band; the thinker, his thoughts hopelessly syncopated by the snarling of the trumpets; the raconteur, brought

down in mid-flight by the thunder of the drums—all these tormented people may yet find peace and live to bless our name. We have applied for no patent; our gift to humanity is free—this precious silence in a noisy world.

WHEN we got on the elevator to go home the other night, we were just behind a pretty girl from this office. With her there was a young man, a stranger to us but clearly a suitor and clearly in the middle of a conversation which gave him a certain grave pleasure. He seemed to be talking about her eyes.

"No," he said, in the tone of one who has given his subject a good deal of thought. "They're not really blue. They're *sort* of blue, but I wouldn't say—"

The young woman looked at us nervously, and we gave her a rather ugly leer.

"Don't be silly," she said, in an offhand though agitated way. "They're just gray."

"Oh, *no!*" he said, horrified. "Not *gray*. But it isn't blue, either. I think I'd say they're more, you know, lavender."

Obviously he would have been glad to pursue this interesting subject indefinitely and so would we, but something in her furious blue (or lavender) gaze seemed to intimidate him. She looked, in fact, as if it would have given her extraordinary pleasure to cut his throat. We made the rest of the trip in a rather

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painful silence, all aware that love lay butchered on the floor. You want to be very careful what you say in elevators, boys. You want to be very, very careful.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There's a Pullman car named Trivia.

The 4-Paw Hotel, London, Kentucky, advertises on its letterhead "Totally Indifferent Rates $1.00—With Bath $1.25."

A placard in an empty shop at 140 West Fifty-seventh Street announces that a new business is moving in—"The Ritz Thrift Shop. Mink Coats Only."

Shad-Boners

IT was Lorenzo Delmonico, they say, who first thought of turning the inexpensive shad into a gourmet's dish by removing its bones. This created a highly specialized occupation, that of shad-boner. If you set out to bone a shad, it would take you about an hour, and the cadaver would be unrecognizable when you finished. A skilled shad-boner, however, can neatly deprive a shad of its skeleton in five minutes, an operation for which he receives a standard payment of thirty-five cents. A shad-boner can thus conceivably earn an easy thirty-five dollars a day during the brief shad season in spring, going from restaurant to restaurant and preparing a day's supply. When the season is over, the boners return to less lucrative kitchen jobs—cooking, dishwashing, or whatever. The only shad-boner we have ever met personally started as a dishwasher.

We got interested in the subject when somebody told us that the proprietor of Paddy's Clam House, on West Thirty-fourth Street, Mr. Joseph Patrick White, possessed a roll of movie film which showed the boning of a shad in color. That's the same White who holds the clam-opening record: one hundred clams in two minutes and twenty-nine seconds. He set this mark way back, when he was in charge of the clam bar at Delmonicos. We have the information from his son, Jay White, who received us at the Clam House last Friday and obligingly ran off the shad-boning film for us in a back room. He explained that the performer was an itinerant shad-boner named Pomeranz, and that his father had intended to show the film in his window as an advertisement but this turned out to be too expensive. The film would have worn out after a week's continuous run.

The film was indubitably of a pair of hands boning a shad, in color, but everything happened too fast for us. We couldn't grasp the technique very well. Mr. White then called in his current shad-boner, a youngish fellow named Frank Kluchnac. Kluchnac, he explained, had joined the staff seven years ago, as a dishwasher; he had worked up to the position of assistant chef and had been taught shad-boning by Pomeranz. "I threw in a few suggestions myself," White told us. "I dissected a few shad just to see where the bones lay. Frank's a genius now—he can bone a hundred shad in a day. Can't you, Frank?" "Easy," said Frank, a man of few words. He laid his operating kit out on a slab—a knife, shears, and a big pair of tweezers. He picked up a shad and cut off the head and tail. Then he opened the fish and removed the spine. Next he made several authoritative-looking incisions running the length of the shad, and up popped several rows of tiny bones, like orderly pins in a pincushion. Kluchnac quickly picked these out with the tweezers, and there was the shad, flat as a handkerchief. Time: 4:50. "Simple. See?" said Frank. Now you know everything we know about shad-boning.

Possible

A LADY travelling downtown on a Madison Avenue bus was rather alarmed to notice that her sole fellow-passenger, an elderly man, was slumped into a corner of his seat, with his eyes closed. She went right up and spoke to the driver about it. "That man looks ill," she told him, "maybe even dead." The driver glanced back, as he shifted gears, and said calmly, "Could be."

Marine Insurance

FROM time to time the news columns of the daily papers announce that the underwriters of marine insurance have raised or lowered their rates on cargoes bound for certain ports, as the result of changes in the military or political situation abroad. The last time such an item got a fairly prominent space was after the British naval victory off Cape Matapan, when the rate on cargoes passing through the eastern Mediterranean was dropped from ten to seven and a half per cent. Casual readers might get the idea that the rates are adjusted only after some such radical change in the international situation, which would be a very wrong idea. Actually, the Rating and Underwriting Committee of the American Cargo War Risk Reinsurance Exchange, which determines the rates, is a deliberative, and reasonably deliberate, body; it has to be. It holds three regular meetings a week—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday—at which rates are calmly revised in the light of news dispatches and confidential reports from all over the world; also, emergency meetings are called at the drop of a torpedo. For instance, a report that an Italian mine-layer had turned up in a Japanese port might warrant an emergency meeting and a marking-up of the rate on cargoes passing through the south Pacific.

During the last war, marine-insurance underwriters were in all-out competition; they cut rates to get business, and some of the companies got caught out on a submarine, bad. Early in 1939, when the present war seemed inevitable, a hundred and fifty-odd companies writing marine insurance in this country got together and agreed to pool all their marine war risks. We are told that they represent ninety-eight per cent of the underwriters in this field and are backed by assets of more than a billion dollars. The Rating and Underwriting Committee is composed of nine men chosen from the larger companies. Last week we called on the chairman, Mr. Henry C. Thorn, of the Insurance Company of North America. We had hardly sat down in his office before he had a telephone call. "The Admiral Scheer is loose somewhere in the Indian Ocean," he told us, after listening. "Just sank a Dutch ship." It wasn't in the newspapers until the next day.

The biggest loss to American underwriters was suffered just recently, when a Stuka bomber sank the Greek freighter Petalli, in the harbor of Piraeus, bound for America with a cargo, mostly of tobacco, valued at three million dollars. Sometimes, Mr. Thorn told us, international red tape endangers cargoes and the Exchange can pull wires and rescue them. A Norwegian freighter bear-

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"Look, Mamma! I'm not a liability any more."

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ing a cargo of rubber for the United States innocently put in at Dakar and was held by the French, presumably on orders from the Germans. The Exchange, working through Washington and Vichy, got permission to have the cargo transferred to an American ship. The transfer cost fifty thousand dollars, but that isn't as much as half a million, which was the value of the cargo. The Exchange wasn't officially interested in the ship itself; its members insure only the cargo. If President Roosevelt announces that he's going to convoy ships to Europe, the Exchange will call a special meeting in a hurry.

Substitute

GENTLEMAN back from Havana, the Paris of the Western Hemisphere, says that he went in to a drugstore down there to buy a washcloth and was completely unable to get the idea over to the clerk, who was not bilingual. Extensive gesturing brought forth only such items as a bar of soap, a brush and comb, and a hair net. Customer and clerk were at an impasse when a rather substantial-looking Cuban who had been standing in the doorway joined the conversation. "Pardon me," he began, and continued in thoughtful, spaced English, "I am an interpreter. I am a licenced interpreter. Cost me forty dollar. Unfortunately, I know of only one place in Havana where you can get a washcloth—Woolworth's. It is late and that is now closed, but would you instead be interested in a beautiful seventeen-year-old girl?"

Master Walter

WE'RE reminded from time to time that "Hellz-a-Poppin" still goes on, durably, and as a consequence hereby carry through on an old intention of ours to present the important facts about Walter Nilsson, the unicyclist of that asylum of what *Variety* calls "standard acts." You might well describe Nilsson as the dean of unicyclists; certainly he's the most accomplished one. In "Hellz-a-Poppin," he rides unicycles whose wheels range from two and a half inches to eight feet in diameter, not to mention a round piece of wood and a bicycle with square wheels. His great frustration is that the proscenium arch at the Winter Garden is too low to permit him to ride his eighteen-foot unicycle.

Nilsson is forty-five and has thirty years of professional unicycling behind him. It all started in Los Angeles, where a lot of things that go on make unicycling look conservative. When Nilsson was seven years old, he saw a unicyclist in a circus, went home, took his younger brother's tricycle apart, and made himself a unicycle. He learned to ride it in three weeks. Throughout his boyhood he added to the gaiety of Los Angeles by riding his unicycle in Shriners' and Elks' parades. Every time a unicycle act played a local vaudeville theatre, it was a great occasion for the Nilsson family. The elder Nilsson, a railroad engineer, would take Walter to the theatre, and Walter would memorize all the tricks he saw and practice until he could do them. In 1910, one Zeb Zarro saw Walter unicycling in an Odd Fellows' parade and signed him up for his vaudeville act. Since then he has been variously billed as "The Boy Wonder from Los Angeles," "Master Walter," "The World's Master Unicyclist," and "The Swedish-American Comique" —this last because his father is of Swedish birth and Walter combines clowning with unicycling.

Nilsson has fallen some two hundred times during performances, usually into the orchestra pit. Invariably, he pays for whatever musical instruments he has smashed, and, if conscious, declines the services of a physician. He has had only

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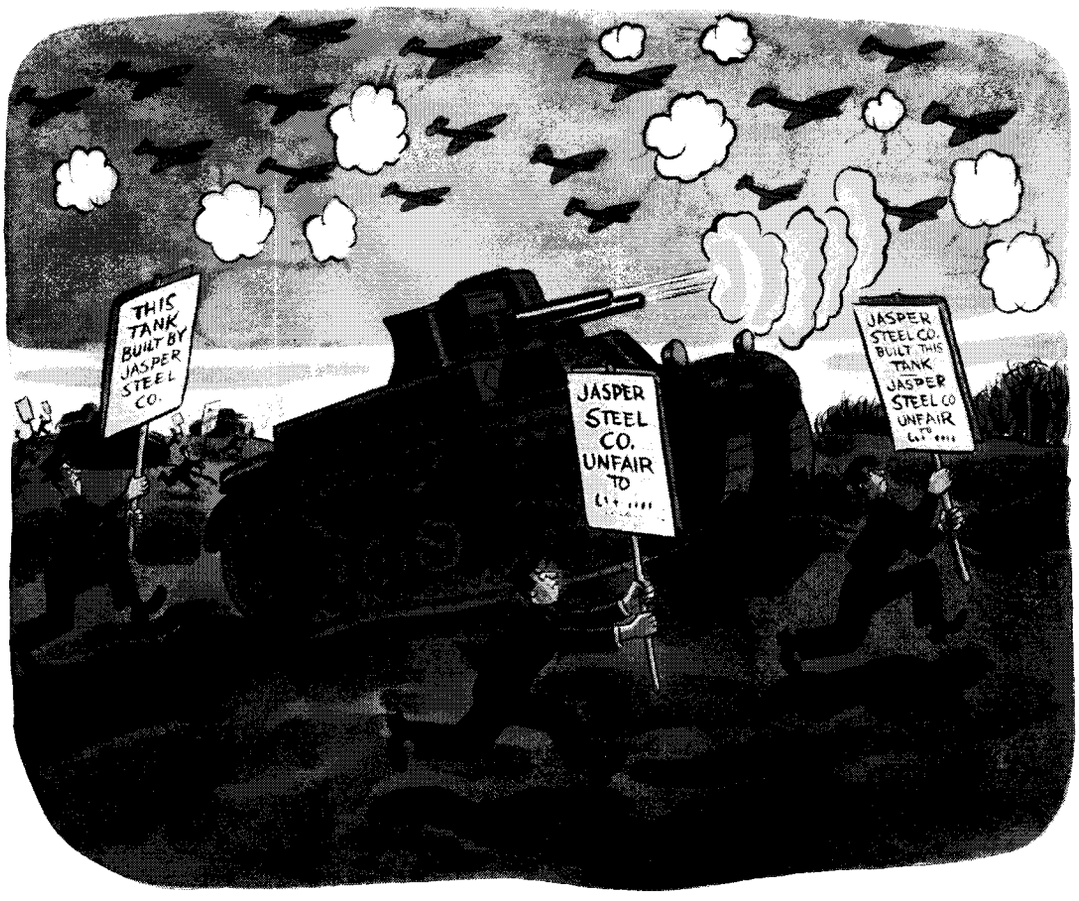

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two falls in "Hellz-a-Poppin." Tumbled into an empty stage box twice during one performance, and later collapsed backstage. He was sore when he came to and found a doctor working over him. The only time he has really remained under a doctor's care was when he took a bad spill in Brussels and was unconscious for two days. He struck up a firm friendship with Joe Cook as the result of a spill. Eighteen years ago, in Boston, he dived into the orchestra pit and knocked himself cold; Joe, who was dabbling in unicycling at the time, seized his wheel and carried on with the act. A fairly permanent injury on Nilsson's well-balanced body is a heavily bruised right shin. He's the only man who can mount an eight-foot unicycle unassisted. He mastered this in nine years of practice, but he hasn't yet learned how to do it without barking his right shin. "I've lost all feeling there now," he told us philosophically.

If you want to know how a unicyclist serves his country in a crisis, he teaches dispatch riders to handle a motorcycle; at least, that's what Nilsson did during the last war, at Camp Lewis, near Tacoma, Washington. No plans for this one. He collects old bicycles and now has four hundred and fifty of them in his home, which is in Los Angeles. This hobby has brought him the friendship of another bicycle collector, Henry Ford. Ford, accompanied by his wife and Mrs. Edsel Ford, went to see "Hellz-a-Poppin" early this season and later visited Nilsson backstage, where he posed for pictures with Olsen, Johnson, and Nilsson and had to be restrained from trying to ride Nilsson's square-wheeled bicycle. "The old gentleman would have killed himself," Nilsson told us, still aghast at the idea.

Slight Reservation

AT the start of a relatively unimportant trial in the New York County Court House the other morning, the attorneys concerned were conducting their usual interrogation of talesmen when they came to a pert young lady whose presence would have brightened any jury box anywhere. She got along fine with all the early routine questions—about occupation, previous knowledge of the case, open-mindedness, and so on—and then one of the lawyers asked her the one that goes, "Will you listen to the evidence as it is presented in court and take into consideration the judge's charge?" The young lady thought this over for a moment, smiled prettily, and said, "Certainly, if I think the judge is telling the truth." She was excused.

. . . and taxes

THE State of New York—rather ingeniously, we think—taxes nonresident commercial aviators on the amount of money they earn in the air within its boundaries. We just heard about this, and thought it might make you feel better, somehow. Pilots who reside within the state are simply taxed on their total earnings, like earthbound folk, but the nonresident birdmen are legally obliged to account for their time in the air over New York. A nonresident pilot flying regularly on the American Airlines' Boston-New York run spends six minutes over New York State out of an hour and a quarter's flight, and thus earns six seventy-fifths of his total salary in New York skies. In the cases of these gentlemen, the trifling sum involved is wiped out by exemptions, but pilots on the New York-Buffalo-Chicago and Boston-Albany-Chicago routes, both of which include considerable New York mileage, actually have to fork over money sometimes. The airline's office does the bookkeeping for the pilots, keeping track of the reportable flying time and filing a return accompanied by a check when called for. The amounts paid are deducted from the pilots' salaries. We talked to the man at American Airlines who handles the figures and found him wanly grateful that the state tax people let him do his tax timekeeping according to scheduled time instead of actually elapsed time. Otherwise, he figures, he'd go crazy.

Secret

SECRETARY KNOX's rebuke to the newspapers which printed news of the arrival in New York Harbor of H.M.S. Shhhhhhh—news that otherwise would have been known to nobody except the commuters on the St. George ferry, which passed close by the anchorage—has reminded a friend of ours of something that happened three years ago, when he dined aboard a British cruiser in the harbor. Somehow or other, late in the evening, he got sep-

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arated from his host. Wandering about the decks, he finally fetched up near a large, canvas-covered object being guarded by a Marine. The sentry politely ordered him to halt. "I'm sorry, sir," he said further, indicating the covered object, "but this is a military secret. Of course, spies from all the foreign navies have had a good look at it, but I'm under orders not to allow ordinary gentlemen, like yourself, sir, to even walk past it."

Marathon

FOR only fifty cents and a trip to McGirr's Academy at 1658 Broadway, you can attend the World's Pocket Billiard Tournament, which is now well under way in six cities—Boston, Newark, Philadelphia, Scranton, Syracuse, and New York—and when we say well under way, we mean it has been going on for twenty weeks and some days. There is no great rush about getting around to it, either, for it has nearly three weeks to go. All we know about the tournament we learned from Mr. Bob McGirr, its co-organizer and a man with a fine feeling for journalistic prose. "You can say this," he told us, as we conscientiously made notes. "The World's Pocket Billiard Tournament is the longest tournament of any kind that has ever been held. This year it started on the twenty-fifth of November and it will end on the sixth of May. It was founded two years ago by Bob McGirr and Frank Julian. There are eight players, each representing a room. New York has three rooms entered. The other cities have one each. Representing McGirr's is Willie Mosconi, the greatest player of all time. Put that down." We put it down and Mr. McGirr then went on to tell us that each player is paid a weekly salary by the room he represents, and that Mosconi is thought of as highly as $100 a week. The others average only around $60. Every entrant plays 224 games of 125 points each, 112 in his home town and 112 on the circuit.

The night we were at McGirr's, Mosconi, who was already twenty-four games ahead of his nearest competitor, was playing Joe Procita of Boston. Mr. McGirr took us over to a corner of his parlor where the game was going on behind a canvas wall that kept non-paying customers out and the smoke in. If we hadn't known what it was, we would have had trouble recognizing it as a sporting event. At first glance it looked to us like a couple of fellows shooting a game of pool, with a few other fellows watching. That was before we realized that there was a scoreboard and a referee, and that the players were in dinner coats and were sinking balls with the monotony characteristic of major pocket-billiard players. Procita had run fifteen and was studying his next shot when we got oriented. "He'll take the twelve or the three ball," said one of the gallery in a low tone to the man next to him. "Eleven ball," Procita announced to the referee. "Eleven ball," the referee announced to everybody. Procita sank the eleven ball. "He figured wrong," said the man in the gallery. Under this curse, Procita missed his next shot. "Nineteen for Mr. Procita," said the referee, and Mosconi stepped up to the table. He ran seventy-five balls in succession, a feat so triumphantly dull that only a top-notch player can live through it often. At that, he made the thing as painless as possible, springing swiftly around the table and wasting no time. The onlookers were silent for the most part. At one point one of them said, "That's a worrier. He's got no key ball." "He'll kick one over," said another man. "Kick one over and he's all right," said the first. This conversation was over our head. When Mosconi's seventy-sixth ball nicked a corner of the pocket and didn't drop, a large man squealed. A few minutes later, after another run by Procita, Mosconi ran seventeen, attaining 125 points and game.

"You ought to see him run the whole hundred and twenty-five," Mr. McGirr said to us on our way out. "He's done it seven times in this tournament."

To the Rescue

DR. BRONSON RAY, a brain surgeon of considerable repute, was walking in the Park one afternoon when a little boy on a scooter ran into a tree and sustained a pretty severe scalp wound. Dr. Ray dispatched one of the bystanders to call an ambulance and was administering first aid when a lad only a couple of years older than the victim pushed his way through the crowd. "I'm a Boy Scout," he said to the Doctor. "You go along, sir, and I'll take over."

"Are you sure you aren't making a mistake? Groton may change with Dr. Peabody gone."

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A GARLAND OF IBIDS FOR VAN WYCK BROOKS

I HAVE just finished reading a book[1] which struck me as being one of the finest books I have read since I read "The Flowering of New England," by the same author.[2] But there is a fly in the ointment. I have been rendered cockeyed by the footnotes. There seem to be too many of them, even for a book largely about Boston.[3] I do not know why the author had to have so many footnotes. Maybe he had a reason for each one, but I suspect the footnote habit has crept up on him, for I got out his book on Emerson,[4] published in 1932, and he used practically no footnotes in it.

You read along in "New England: Indian Summer," interested to the hilt in what Van Wyck Brooks is telling you about Longfellow,[5] Thoreau,[6] Phillips,[7] James,[8] Alcott,[9] Lowell,[10] Adams,[11] and other great figures of the Periclean Age of The Hub,[12] when suddenly there is a footnote.

The text is in fine, clear type. The footnotes are in small type. So it is quite a chore to keep focussing up and down the page, especially if you have old eyes or a touch of astigmatism.[13] By and by you say to yourself, "I be damn if I look down at any more footnotes!," but you do, because the book is so interesting you don't want to miss even the footnotes.[14]

When you get to the footnote at the bottom of the page, like as not all you find is *ibid. Ibid* is a great favorite of footnote-mad authors.[15] It was a great favorite with Gibbon.[16] How come writers of fiction do not need footnotes? Take Edna Ferber.[17] She doesn't use footnotes. Suppose Edna Herford[18] took to writing her novels in this manner: "Cicely Ticklepaw* sat at her dressing table in a brown study. She had 'a very strange feeling she'd ne'er felt before, a kind of a grind of depression.'† Could it be love?‡ If so, why had she sent him§ away? She sighed, and a soft cry of 'Aye me!'‖ escaped her. Seizing a nail file desperately, she commenced hacking away at her fingernails, when a voice behind her said, 'O! that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek!'¶ Cicely reddened, turned. It was Cleon Bel Murphy! Softly, she told him, 'What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night, so stumblest on my counsel?' "&

What would Van Wyck Brooks say if Edna Ferber wrote like that?[19] Yes. Exactly. Now, where were we?[20] No, I was not. I know what I was saying. You keep out of this. You're a footnote.[21] Yeah? Well, just for that, no more footnotes. Out you go![22] I am, that's who.[23] See what I mean, Van Wyck? Give a footnote an inch and it'll take a foot.[24] I give up. They got me. And they'll get you too in the end, Van Wyck. You may think you're strong enough to keep 'em under control; you may think you can take a footnote or leave it. All I say is, remember Dr. Jekyll! Lay off 'em, Van. I'm telling you for your own good.

—UNEASY BROOKS FAN[25]

[1]"New England: Indian Summer."

[2]Van Wyck Brooks, author of "New England: Indian Summer," "The Flowering of New England," "The Life of Emerson," "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," and other books.

[3]Sometimes referred to as The Hub. Capital and chief city of Massachusetts. Scene of the Boston Tea Party and the arrest of Henry L. Mencken. Bostonians are traditionally noted for their civic pride, or, as an envious New York critic once termed it, their parochial outlook. It is related that on an occasion when Saltonstall Boylston learned that his friend L. Cabot Lowell was leaving for a trip around the world, he inquired of Lowell, "Which route shall you take, L.C.?" "Oh, I shall go by way of Dedham, of course," replied Mr. Lowell. On another occasion, the old Back Bay aristocrat Ralph Waldo Mulcahy said to Oliver Wendell Rooney, "By the way, Rooney, did your ancestors come over on the Mayflower?" "Oh, no," replied Mr. Rooney. "They arrived on the next boat. They sent the servants over on the Mayflower."

[4]Ralph Waldo Emerson, Sage of Concord and famous transcendentalist philosopher, not to be confused with Ralph McAllister Ingersoll, editor of *PM*.

[5]Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Good Gray Poet. Longfellow was no footnote addict. He preferred foot*prints*. Cf. his "Psalm of Life":

> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time.

[6]Henry David Thoreau, philosopher who lived at Walden Pond for two years on carrots, twigs, nuts, minnows, creek water, and, as Margaret Fuller suspected (booming it out at Brook Farm in that full, rich voice of hers, to the dismay of William Ellery Channing, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Edward Everett Hale, John Lothrop Motley, Charles Eliot Norton, and William Lloyd Garrison), sirloin steaks and creamery butter smuggled to him by Emerson. Suffering as he did from a vitamin deficiency, the result of too much moss in his diet, Thoreau became somewhat of a misanthrope and would often creep up behind members of the Saturday Club and shout "Boo!," or, as some authorities maintain, "Pooh!" The matter is not clarified very much, one must admit, by a letter Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote to her son, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Jr. (not to be confused with Herbert Bayard Swope), on June 7, 1854, in which she states: "Not much to write home about, as the saying goes. Dave Thoreau here for supper last nite [*sic*]. He got into an argument with John Greenleaf Whittier, the Good Gray Poet, as to whether snow is really ermine too dear for an earl, and Greenleaf called him a Communist. Dave then crept up behind Greenleaf and shouted either 'Boo!' [*sic*] or 'Pooh!' [*sic*], I couldn't make out wich [*sic*]. All well here except F. Marion Crawford, Sarah Orne Jewett, Charles Dudley Warner, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and William Dean Howells, who complain of feeling sic [*sic*]. Your aff. mother, H. B. Stowe, Sr."

[7]Wendell Phillips. He was about the only Bostonian of his time who wore no middle name and he was therefore considered half naked. Even Mark Twain, when he went to visit Howells in Boston, registered as Samuel Langhorne Clemens.

[8]Probably not Jesse James. Probably is either William James, deviser of Pragmatic Sanctions, or his brother Henry, the novelist. It was about this time that Henry James was going through his transition period, and could not make up his mind whether he was in England living in America or in America living in England.

[9]Amos Bronson Alcott, educator and bad provider. The Mr. Micawber of his day. Not to be confused with Novelist Bus Bronson of Yale or Mrs. Chauncey Olcott.

[10]James Russell Lowell, poet, essayist, and kinfolk of late rotund, cigar-smoking Back Bay Poetess Amy Lowell, no rhymester she.

[11]Henry Adams, author of "The Education of Henry Adams," by Henry Adams. Not to be confused with Henry Adams, Samuel Adams, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Abigail Adams, Charles Edward Adams (not to be confused with Charles Francis Adams, Charles Henry Adams, or Henry Adams), Maude Adams, Franklin Pierce Adams, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Bristow Adams, George Matthew Adams, James Truslow Adams, Adams Express, Adams & Flanagan, Horace Flanagan, or Louis Adamic.

[12]Sometimes referred to as Boston. One is reminded of the famous quatrain:

> Here's to the City of Boston,
> The home of Filene and the Card.,
> Where the Rileys speak only to Cabots
> And the Cabots speak only to God!

[13]In this connection, it is interesting to note that Louisa May Alcott had a touch of astigmatism, if we are to accept the word of Charles Eliot Norton. Edward Everett Hale states in his Letters, Vol. XV, Ch. 8, pp. 297 *et seq.*, that William Cullen Bryant told Oliver Wendell Holmes that on one occasion when the fun was running high at Thomas Wentworth Higginson's home and all barriers were down, Thomas Bailey Aldrich had put the question bluntly to Charles Eliot Norton, saying, "Now listen, has Louisa May Alcott got astigmatism or hasn't she?" Charles Eliot Norton answered, perhaps unwisely, "Yes." Cf. the famous dictum of General William Tecumseh Sherman, sometimes erroneously ascribed to General Ulysses Simpson Grant: "Never bring up a lady's name in the mess."

[14]Ah there, Van Wyck!

[15]So is cf.

[16]Edward Gibbon, English historian, not to be confused with Cedric Gibbons, Hollywood art director. Edward Gibbon was a great hand for footnotes, especially if they gave him a chance to show off his Latin. He would come sniffing up to a nice, spicy morsel of scandal about the Romans and then, just as the reader expected him to dish the dirt, he'd go into his Latin routine, somewhat as follows: "In those days vice reached depths not plumbed since the reign of Caligula and it was an open secret that the notorious Empress Theodora *in tres partes divisa erat* and that she was also addicted to the *argumentum ad hominem!*" Gibbon, prissy little fat man that he was, did that just to tease readers who had flunked Caesar.

[17]Edna Cabot Ferber, contemporary New England novelist. It is related of Edna Ferber that she once met Oliver Herford in Gramercy Park and recoiled at the sight of an extremely loud necktie he was wearing. "Heavens above, Oliver Herford!" exclaimed Miss Ferber, never one not to speak her mind. "That is a terrible cravat. Why do you wear it?" "Because it is my wife's whim that I wear it," explained Oliver Herford. "Well, land sakes alive, before I'd wear a tie like that just on account of a wife's whim!" jeered Miss Ferber. "You don't know my wife," said Oliver Herford. "She's got a whim of iron." Miss Ferber later made this incident the basis for the dramatic battle between the husband and wife in her novel "The Cravat."

[18]No, no, no, not Edna Herford! Edna *Ferber!* Edna Herford is the fellow who had the wife with the iron whim.

*Blonde, lovely, and twenty-one.

†See "I'm Falling in Love with Someone"—Victor Herbert.

‡Sure.

§Cleon Bel Murphy, the man she loves.

‖"Romeo and Juliet," Act II, Scene 2.

¶*Ibid.*

&*Ibid.*

[19]And what would Edna Ferber say if Edna Ferber wrote like that?

[20]You were saying Louisa May Alcott had astigmatism.

[21]Yeah? And how far would you have got in this article without footnotes?

[22]Who's gonna put me out?

[23]Yeah? You and who else?

[24]Yoo-hoo! Footnote!

[25]Frank Saltonstall Sullivan.

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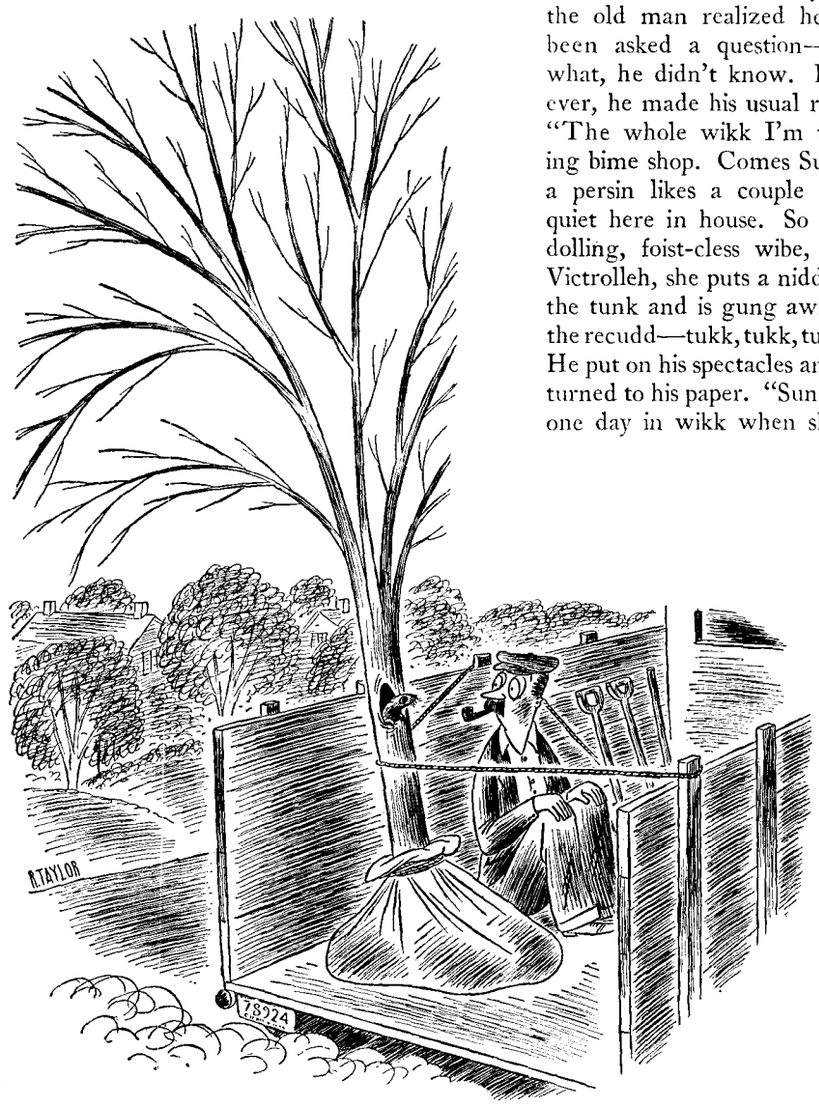
MARITAL MATTERS IN THE BRONX

Bella Gross painstakingly stencilled her pursed lips with crimson, swiftly inspected her teeth, and hurried out of the Gross apartment, leaving behind a number of unwashed breakfast dishes, a disordered bedroom with an unmade bed, and various items of apparel strewed over the apartment. Bella also left behind the loud and bitter complaints of her mother: "On mine woist enemies I'm not wishing such a dutter. Miss Slop, why you don't clinn op the house, it shouldn't look like a stable fomm picks? No, this she dassent do! She got fa a soiving goil a mudder, so let the mudder clinn op! Sure, why not? Fa her pott, the mudder can drop dead a hundrit times, God fabbid, and she's not lifting the liddle fingeh even! Dijja ever!"

The moment Mrs. Gross heard the door bang, she turned angrily upon her husband, whose fat, stubby bulk was buried in a capacious armchair, where he was engrossed in the Sunday papers. "Lookit him!" she shouted. "His big nuzz he's got in paper! So tukk to him today, tukk to him temorreh, and you think he listens? *Ah nechtegen tug!* Whatsa metta, it bleeds by you the tunk, you can't say a couple woids to your dutter she should help with the betfixing udder the doity-dishes washing, ha? He sits in the chair, mine kveen, and he don't say two woids even! Mr. Liberry, why you don't take away the nuzz fomm paper and listen what I'm saying?"

Mr. Gross lowered his journal, not out of deference to his wife's wishes—he had long ago developed a method of shutting off her speech from his consciousness—but to wipe his glasses. These he held gingerly between his forefinger and thumb, exactly as he had once seen Maurice Schwartz do in a Yiddish Art Theatre production.

"*Nu?*" barked Mrs. Gross, glaring down at him. It was only then the old man realized he had been asked a question—just what, he didn't know. However, he made his usual retort. "The whole wikk I'm woiking bime shop. Comes Sunday a persin likes a couple drops quiet here in house. So mine dolling, foist-cless wibe, Mrs. Victrolleh, she puts a niddle on the tunk and is gung awready the recudd—tukk, tukk, tukk!" He put on his spectacles and returned to his paper. "Sunday is one day in wikk when should be no woik," he grumbled. "So O.K. Make awready Sunday fa the tunk, too, should have a liddle vacation. No! Like a machine in fektree is gung obertime the—" He suddenly straightened himself in his chair, clapped the palm of one hand to his forehead, and exclaimed, "*Ai, ai, ai, ai, ai!*"



Mrs. Gross, accustomed to the noises which invariably punctuated his reading, eyed him apathetically. "Comes Sunday is fa evveybody a special vacation," she said. "Oney one persin is here in house a huss! Who? The mudder, uf cuss! Sure, why not? Whatsa metta," she indignantly demanded, "I'm a cripple, God fabbid, I can't sit donn between people and ridd maybe a piece paper, too?" She put her clenched hands on her hips and hovered menacingly over her husband. "Mr. Liberry! I esk him a faveh, he should spikk to Bella, should be Sunday fa me, too. You think he listens? Neh! Alluva sun is the ears gung to slipp and is by him good night awready!"

"I'm listening," he said without looking up.

"Sure, Mike!" she cried. "A fine listening! He sits and he *shuckles* hisself and is oney one thing he's saying all the time—notting!"

Pa Gross, however, was not silent. He swayed from side to side, clicking his tongue, and then made a series of sharp, sibilant sounds. His wife stared at him in silence for several seconds; these noises seemed to her to be a trifle more explosive than the ones which usually furnished the obbligato to his reading. "Look, look how excitable he is alluva sun!" she exclaimed, overcome at last by curiosity. "So tell awready what you ridding."

"Never mind what I'm ridding." Again Pa Gross uttered a sharp cry as he shook his head portentously.

"Fa heaven's sakes!" sang out the exasperated Mrs. Gross. "Look how stingy he is with the paper! A persin can bust in liddle pieces and he's not saying a woid even." She took a position behind his chair so that she could read over his shoulder. This time it was she who emitted sounds as her eye fell on the bold type streaked across the paper. "Look, look what it says! Dijja ever! In the heavy thousindess they killing the people. Is coming aaronplanes in Europe and is bumbbing left and right the houses with the people togeddeh. Is not terrible?"

"Who's tukking fomm Europe?" Pa snapped. "Is evvey day the same thing

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in Europe. Europe!" he said with a snort. "I'll *shenk* you such a fine boggin! What I'm ridding in paper is a letter fomm a goil. She merried with a man, he's two times the aitch like the goil. She is twendy-eighd, says here in paper."

"Sure, Mike! If it say she's twendy-eighd, she must be a good thoidy-two. Thoidy positiffly!"

"Listen." Pa fixed her with a cold glance. "You gung to let tukk udder no?"

"Go 'head, tukk. Tukk awready! I'm saying something?"

"So this goil's mister, he's fifdy-six yirrs old. You hear? And he's got a kit fomm before—the foist wibe. The foist wibe"—he hastily consulted the report—"she's dead awready now one and a heff yirrs." He looked up and tapped his breast. "A hott condition."

"*Ai nebich!*" Mrs. Gross cried.

"And the dutter, she's fourtinn yirrs old, the kit," Pa went on.

"Aha!" Mrs. Gross was quick to grasp the situation. "So the young wibe, she's now the stepmudder fomm the kit, the dutter. Is right?"

"Uf cuss she's the stepmudder. What then she should be, the secont cousin udder the sister-lawn maybe? A question!"

"Listen, you. Hold betteh the tunk and don't be so fresh alluva sun." This admonition was comparatively gentle only because Ma was interested in the further details of the story. "*Nu*, so what is with the wibe, the young goil?"

"She is esking an edwice fomm the paper, what she should do. A whole day she's fixing fa the kit the breakfist and the dinneh and the soppur—all the mills. A whole day she's washing the cluzz and she's song on the buttons and she's pressing the dresses—"

"See? A regelleh Mrs. Gruss Numbeh Two!" Ma said.

"Mrs. Gruss Numbeh Two!" Pa repeated scornfully. "Since when you twendy-eighd yirrs old? Twendy-eighd you'll see you know where? In the next woild."

"Sharrop awready with the fresh tukk and tell with the goil. So what is?"

"So is complaining the secont wibe she's woiking a whole day should be the house poifeck like a clinic, should be serresfied the dutter. But the kit she's not serresfied. All the time she's fussy and she's crenky with the stepmudder. Eveything is by her terrible. And when the young wibe is saying to her, 'Good munning, dolling, you filling good?,' she's kipping still the tunk and she's not making an enswer. She's met, the kit."

"Maybe she don't spikk because she got it a colt in nuzz. Was raining a whole wikk—"

"Colt-shmolt!" Mr. Gross looked pityingly at his wife, then went on. "The kit is all the time spikking to the fodder, no? She's all the time making complaints fomm the stepmudder—this is by her no good and that is by her no good—"

"Maybe she got right. Maybe *is* no good."

"Listen. You know why the dutter's complaining?" He lowered his voice so that it was a confidential whisper. "She don't like it because is merrying the fodder a secont time. That's why! Fa her pott the fodder should stick a single man, he should cry with the eyes all the time fa the dead mudder, *olov hasholem*, and that should be his whole life!"

"She positiffly got right!" vigorously affirmed Mrs. Gross. "How it looks to people when is dying a wibe fomm a sickness—"

"Hott condition," he corrected.

"Hott condition isn't a sickness?"

"Pneumoney is a sickness. Hott condition," he explained, spacing his words, "is when the hott got it a condition."

"So how it looks when is dying the wibe and right away quick, one-two-three, is awready in house a new missus? Where comes a man fifdy-six to a goil, she's not yet thoidy? A sprink chick-

"Certainly I'm going to ask a question! Why do you think I had my hair done?"

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en!" Mrs. Gross's voice was shrill. "Listen, you wanna merry, so show a liddle respect. Wait a couple yirrs. Maybe is some place a lady the same aitch like you with a nice couple dolless fomm the foist husbint's life insurings. So two people like this, they not kits no more, they settled awready, they know what they doing, they know how to tukk one with the odder." Her eyes flashed angrily as she rocked her head from side to side. "No! This he can't do, the fodder! He's in a hurry. He can't wait. He must catch someplace a train. So now he's merried with the goil heff the aitch and so she is suffering. Good fa her!"

Pa Gross grasped the arms of his chair, pulled himself forward, yanked his trousers up by tugging at his drooping suspenders, and sighed heavily. "No fillings! You positiffly got no hott fa a man, the poor felleh. Listen." He assumed a more temperate tone. "A man fifdy-six, he's not so old. He's got a nice couple yirrs to live yet, *kenehorreh*. So he shouldn't find anodder wibe? Fa heaven's sakes, fa who he's merrying in the foist place?"

"Fa who, he esks yet. Fa hisself, that's fa who!"

He smiled tolerantly and waggled his finger at her. "You see, that is where you making a big mistake awready. He's not merrying fa hisself, the man. Positiffly no! He is merrying on account the kit, the dutter. Lemme explain you something. A whole day he's bime shop, the man. He's woiking he should bring home itch wikk the pay chick. So who's gung to fix op the house and to cook it the mills fa the kit? Must be a wibe. So the man is merrying should his dutter have in home a mudder. Even if the wibe is not the real mudder, oney the stepmudder! You see now?"

"Whatsa metta he don't get it a soiving goil should come in a couple hours evvey day to clinn op?" Mrs. Gross wanted to know. "This he can't do, ha? Listen, Mr. Suprimm-Cutt-Jutch. You want I should tell you something? I think," she began, and then paused significantly. "I think must be monkey business someplace."

"Right away is with her monkey business awready!" the old man shouted. "*Lieber Gutt*, mine grenndutter, Shoiley, a kit fomm fife yirrs, she's got it more brains by her in liddle pinkie than is by you in the whole head! A man fifdy-six yirrs is very longly when is dying the wibe. When he comes home fomm shop he got it a good eppitite, he likes to have on table the soppur should be ready. So who's gung to do by him the cooking?"

"What is with the dutter, the kit?"

"She's busy making the homewoik. She is gung to school, the dutter, should be grejjated she should be a register noice. So is nobody—"

Mrs. Gross didn't let him finish. "Where's boining a fire is coming out smukk!" she declared. "So is dying the wibe and quick-shmick is anodder missus in house. Alluva sun! Where comes a young goil to a man he's so old could be her fodder yet? Looks to me funny. Whatsa metta, she can't find plenty young boyess by her the same aitch?"

"Maybe she don't like the young boyess," Pa said.

"Maybe she seen by the old man the benkbook! Maybe before the foist wibe is dying the man and the young goil they making monkey business togeddeh!"

"Kipp still the tunk, you hear me?" the outraged Mr. Gross roared. "Mrs. Slop, where you loining to tukk so fresh?"

"You don't like what I'm saying?" she asked, glaring at him.

"No," he retorted, glaring back at her, "I don't like what you saying!"

LINES FOUND ON THE MARGIN OF A PAGE TORN FROM THE MANHATTAN TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

I like the sound of the Committee of Americans Inc,
But how are you going to know what a bunch of people with such a high-sounding name really think?

For the Committee for Assistance to War Victims, I have no hesitation in making a loud, applauding noise,
But what in the world is the Committee on Bur for Men and Boys?

Passing with a calm nod of approval the Committee for the Care of Jewish Tuberculous, the Committee for Catholic Refugees from Germany, and the Committee of Catholics for Human Rights, I find myself brought up with a start by the Committee on Character and Fitness,
And looking around wildly for a witness.

My high-pressure advertising friends may protest, but I insist on dismissing the Committee on Consumer Relations in Advtg Inc
With a wink.

I am very happy to note that there is a Committee on Coöperation in Latin America and also a Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America; the good-neighbor movement is obviously in the midst of a boom.
But the Committee for Cultural Freedom is too ambiguous for my money. Cultural Freedom for whom?

Ah! Here's the good old Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies;
Friends, take my first prize.

I hope the Committee for Emergency Aid to Refugees thrives,
But the committee to whose meetings I should most like to have an invitation is the Committee of French-Amer Wives.

Skip the next half-dozen committees. Then, whoa!
Here's a question for philosophers. Which is needed more, the Committee for Protection of Foreign Born or the Committee for the Protctn of the Holders of Bonds Sold Thru the F H Smith Co?

Committee on Public Admin, Committee for Vitalization of Amer Principles, Committee on Youth & Justice, and so on and on until there is room for no more in the weary mind.
Farewell! I am staggering on my way to the Committee for the Study of Suicide Inc to find out the most painless way to leave them all behind.

—ARTHUR BARTLETT

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"Were you ever in a good, stiff power dive?"

• •

"Maybe you like I shouldn't wake op so you can go find someplace a sprink chicken, the same like your friend, the man in noozpaper? Mrs. Gruss Numbeh Two—that you would like, ha?"

"Listen, you gung to hold the tunk udder no?" Pa Gross quickly gathered the scattered pages of his papers and headed for the one place he could find peace and tranquillity—the bathroom.

His wife's voice continued to ring through the apartment. "Say, maybe will be an ecksident, God fabbid, and I'm gung to be kilt. I'm saying *maybe*," she hastily added. "So if you bringing home a young goil here in house, I'm gung to tell Bella she shouldn't tukk one woid to this—this no-good thing, this common tremp. Feh! Bella, she's not gung to lift a fingeh even to clinn op the house udder to wipe it a dish fa your new missus, you hear me? I'll fix her, your friend, the sprink chicken!" She piled the soiled breakfast plates, carried them to the kitchen sink, and turned the faucet on full force.

ABOVE the sound of the splashing water, above the noise of the clattering dishes which she grimly washed, rose Mrs. Gross's voice, full of distress and self-pity. "She's a fine kit, mine Bella. She's gung to remember all the time the mudder, believe me! Say, hommeny mudders she got in this woild? One, that's all! Is plenty stepmudders but is oney one mudder. So when the secont wibe is gung to say 'Good munning, Bella. Hoveye you?' never mind, mine Bella will kipp still the tunk. She can bust in liddle pieces, your new wibe. That's the best good munning I'm wishing on her!" —ARTHUR KOBER

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PROMINENT JAPANESE having many clippings concerning activities, communications from outstanding figures, including British Kings, U. S. Presidents, seeks situation with future.—*Adv. in the Herald Tribune.*

No future in this country, kid. Ask Matsuoka.

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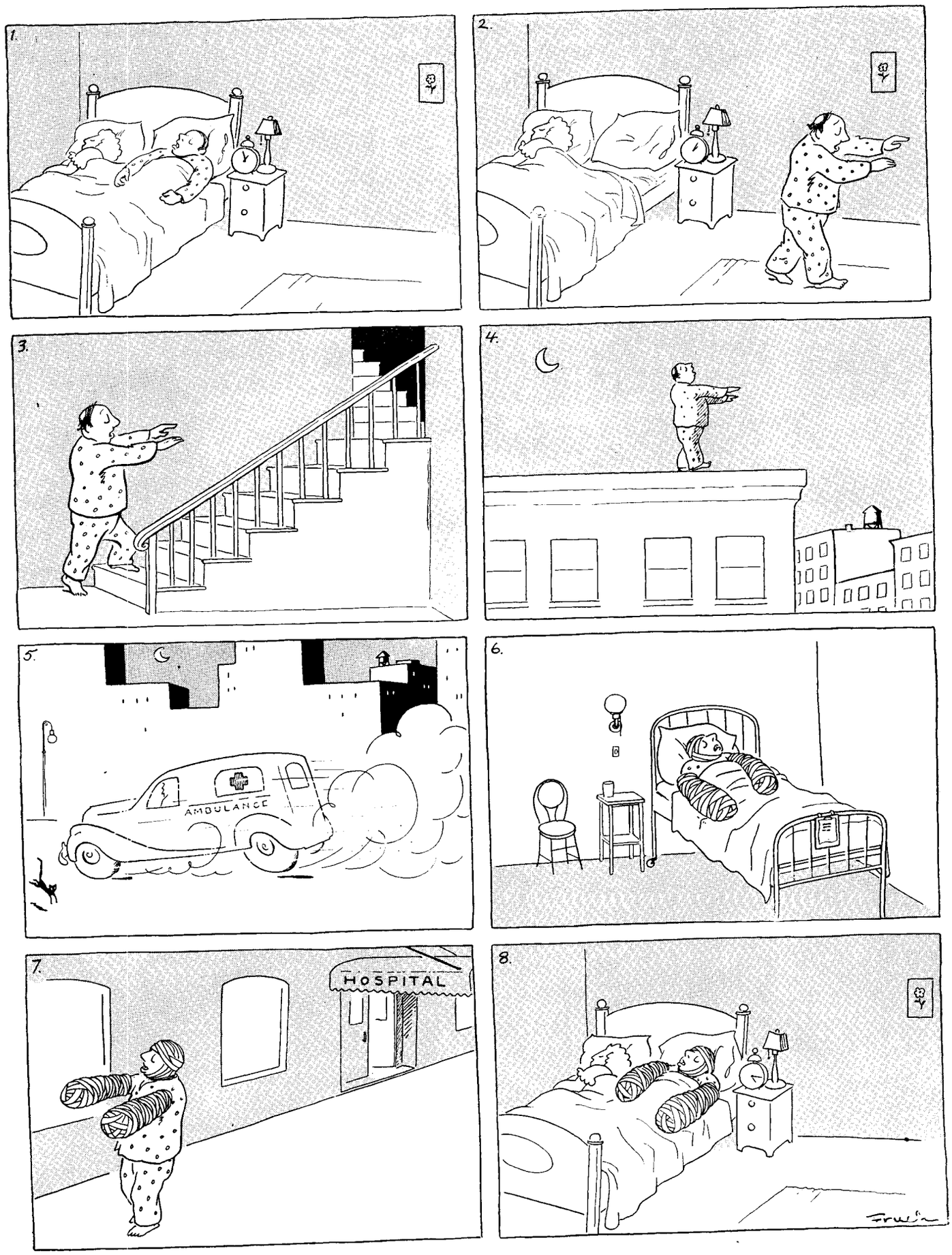

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PROFILES

ACTIVE SPARKER

DURING the fifteen months of its existence, Bundles for Britain has grown from a small New York shop where women who wanted to knit for England might buy wool to a nationwide organization, with nine hundred and twenty-two branches, which has exported practically everything you can think of, except munitions, that fits in with its avowed purpose "to provide comforts and necessities for Great Britain at war." The organization began by sending over knitted sea-boot stockings for men on mine-sweepers, soon enlarged its knitting repertoire to include sweaters, mittens, and other garments for all the British services, and later expanded into the larger world of clothing, medical supplies, and canteens for the military and for bombed-out civilians alike. Guided by precise British Admiralty, Army, and Air Force instructions about the color and quantity of wool and the type of needles to use in making specified garments, it has equipped the British armed forces with approximately forty thousand sleeveless sweaters, ten thousand sweaters with sleeves, thirty thousand scarves, twenty thousand pairs of wristlets and mittens, three thousand pairs of gloves, eighteen thousand pairs of sea-boot stockings, fifty thousand pairs of socks, two thousand jerseys, eight thousand caps, and three hundred afghans, several of the last knitted by girls at Miss Hewitt's. In addition to these objects, it has sent abroad some four hundred thousand second-hand civilian garments, twenty-four ambulances, fifty-nine mobile canteens, two oxygen tents, a hundred and eighty-six hospital beds, twenty-five hundred children's cots, five hundred sleeping bags, sixty-four blood-transfusion sets, twenty-one X-ray machines, twenty-three bales of shoes, five thousand children's overcoats, twenty-four portable surgical kits, and over two hundred cases of surgical instruments. Of seventy-three shipments sent thus far, only two, both insured by Lloyd's, have been lost. Altogether, the Bundles officials estimate, the articles sent over have been worth about $1,500,000. Through donations, receipts from parties, and profits on the sale of emblems, cigarette cases, bridge sets, earrings, and beach bags, Bundles for Britain has raised well over $1,000,000 in cash. Most of this money has been used to purchase new comforts and necessities or cabled to the organization's London office for emergency use—aid to Coventry, for example, or the assistance of bombed hospitals whose customary private support is insufficient. Last month Bundles sent English hospitals $149,435 in cash.

Mrs. Wales Latham

Bundles for Britain, which started on Park Avenue, calls in Miss Juliana Cutting to run its local parties, and has fashionable branches in Newport and elsewhere, was founded and is presided over by Mrs. Wales Latham, a thirty-year-old bundle of energy who finds it easy to remember that she is a descendant of Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England from 1671 to 1676, and that her first American ancestor, Nathaniel Wales, came to Braintree, Massachusetts, in 1628 in his own ship, the James. However, the growth of the organization has been attended by a determined and successful effort to interest large numbers of people who have never heard of Sir Matthew Hale or the James. It is probably significant that its publicity director, Rand W. Sutherland, is a man who had on his hands a similar problem of popularizing an upper-class client when he guided the public-relations department of Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney's First District campaign for a seat in the House of Representatives in 1932—a campaign distinguished by the candidate's firm stand in dropping his middle name and revealing himself ruggedly as Cornelius Whitney to a largely non-*Social Register* electorate. Mr. Sutherland has not turned his back on Mrs. Orson D. Munn, who at a recent party modelled a five-dollar Bundles for Britain hat designed for the cause by Robert Dudley, but in the twenty or thirty weekly publicity releases which Mr. Sutherland sends to newspapers, magazines, and radio stations throughout the country, he is more likely to dwell upon such facts as that Bundles' nine hundred thousand workers and benefactors, a vast majority of whom are women, include a group of apple-growers' wives, diligent knitters all, in Saginaw, Michigan; Negro students of the Virginia State College; and blanket-making squaws of three Indian reservations—the Shoshone tribe at Lander, Wyoming; the Osages at Pawhuska, Oklahoma; and the Quinaults at Taholah, Washington.

Bundles' officers and directors, among whom are Mrs. Stuart-Linton Gagné, Mrs. Paul White, Mrs. Eliot Tuckerman, and Miss Nina Van Vechten, are not averse to mentioning that Mrs. Andrew Carnegie came into their national headquarters in the Squibb Building the other morning and handed over a check for two mobile canteens, which cost $1,750 apiece, but their tone is a shade more enthusiastic when they point out that a blind widow in a Brooklyn hotel has advised friends who want to send her gifts to give a dollar to Bundles for Britain instead, that the sheepmen of Oregon are contributing wool for blankets, and that an Alaskan trapper has presented them with some raw furs to be sold for Bundles' benefit. "We try to appeal to the man in the street" is a favorite expression of President Latham's. Among her co-workers, mostly unpaid volunteers, the shoptalk takes in such topics as a watermelon-eating contest for children in South Carolina, which netted the organization $70; the self-sacrifice of modest Bundles for Britain knitters all over the country who earn money to pay for their wool by putting up jams and jellies, baking cakes, and taking in washing; and the thoughtfulness of a branch leader in Welch, West Virginia, who stationed colleagues outside the company offices of various mines in the vicinity one payday and collected $600 from the miners.

The Bundles for Britain people are resourceful philanthropists and they have a resourceful president. It was Mrs. Latham who conceived the idea of having all churches hold Bundles for Britain services one Sunday and take up Bundles for Britain collections, and it was she who endorsed and pushed a scheme originated by Dr. Charles William Mayo whereby bank depositors in Rochester, Minnesota, would present Bundles with the odd cents left in their balances at the end of each month. Bundles officials have also vetoed a few schemes. An undertaker who volunteered to convert

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one of his hearses into an ambulance and give it to them was discouraged, and so was an old fortune teller who offered, on behalf of Bundles for Britain, to station himself on Wall Street and sell fortunes written in invisible ink. "He wanted a lady from our committee to stand next to him, wearing an invisible costume," says one of the directors. "We told him we appreciated it, but that it wasn't feasible."

MRS. LATHAM, who is responsible for all of Bundles' activities and who keeps an extremely sharp eye on them, is a fervent, pretty, breathless, high-voiced, energetic young woman whose doings up to a year and a half ago were unrelated to nearly everything she has done since. She was born Natalie Wales in Cohasset, Massachusetts, in 1910; her father, Nathaniel B. Wales, was a research engineer specializing in thermodynamics. A man of independent means, he had his own laboratory in Boston, and had a lot to do with the development of the electric refrigerator. Boston in winter and Cohasset in summer constituted Natalie's yearly routine until she was eleven, when her parents separated. Natalie and her younger brother, Nathaniel, Jr., went to Bermuda with their mother for a year. They attended an English school near Hamilton. Mrs. Wales then brought her children back to this country, where in 1923 she obtained a divorce and, the following year, married Dr. John Izard Middleton, a New York eye specialist. Mr. Wales, who has also since remarried, now lives here too. Natalie went to Spence for two or three years, and, at sixteen, to Miss Nightingale's. Her old schoolmates there recall that she was annoyingly popular with the male sex. Little boys met her in the afternoon and excitedly carried her books home, and she had a devastating habit of bringing to the classroom letters from St. Mark's, Groton, and like prep schools and inviting her classmates to sort them by schools. She herself tells about the time she gave a tea party for thirty boys and no girls. Shortly afterward, while she was still sixteen, she began to narrow down her romantic interests. When Queen Marie of Rumania was in this country with her children, Ileana and Nicholas, Natalie, one of a party which accompanied the royal family on a cruise to West Point, made a big hit with the young prince. "I snagged Nicholas in a corner and got his ring off him," she says today. "Unfortunately, I gave it back."

The first, faint foreshadowing of the passion for England which later prompted Mrs. Latham to found Bundles for Britain occurred in 1927, when she took a trip through England, France, Switzerland, and Italy with her mother and brother. "I felt that England was utterly familiar," she says. "I didn't have this feeling about the other countries." In Switzerland, she managed to make herself slightly at home by getting engaged to Michael William Robert de Courcy, only son of Lord Kingsale, thirty-third baron in his line and a man who enjoyed the hereditary privilege of wearing his hat in the royal presence. Her mother, feeling that Natalie, who had just celebrated her seventeenth birthday, was too young to get married, even to a young man whose father could safely keep his hat on before the King of England, brought her back to New York and, to divert her mind from romance, persuaded her to take some Columbia extension courses in short-story writing, astronomy, mathematics, French, and Greek. She came out in 1928, at Sherry's. Her mother had divorced Dr. Middleton and been married to the late Captain Franck Taylor Evans, then head of the New York Navy Yard, so Natalie lived in the Captain's house in the Navy Yard, and during her débutante season was happily whisked to and from parties in a Navy car, which, she says, disregarded red lights. In April, 1929, she married Kenelm Winslow, member of a Tuxedo Park family.

The Winslows were married by the late Bishop Shipman, with the assistance of two other clergymen, twelve bridesmaids, and twelve ushers, and for a while their life followed the set pattern for young couples with not too much money who have been married with the help of a bishop and two dozen or so attendants. Winters they lived in New York, and summers in Tuxedo; Natalie had two daughters, made clothes for herself and the girls, as well as curtains and bedspreads, tried to cook, and was continually being a bridesmaid and serving on charity committees. In 1937 she was divorced, and the same year married Edward Latham, a North Carolinian living in New York. He had been a State Department attaché in Panama, and is now with the American Field Service attached to the de Gaulle forces in Cairo. She gave up trying to cook but kept on making dresses for her daughters and herself. Three summers ago she and her children turned up

"Now remember, dear, you were in the right."

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at the Atlantic Beach Club wearing matching frocks which she had made out of an eight-yard remnant of brown linen she had bought at Macy's. A few days later the editors of *Life*, who are in constant touch with the smarter beach clubs, got her and her offspring to pose in their triplicate costumes. The resulting pictures started a mother-and-daughter fashion, encouraged Mrs. Latham to make more triplicate costumes for town as well as country, and gave her confidence in herself as a budding national character.

"He must be one of those gentleman jockeys you hear about."

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MRS. LATHAM'S second marriage ended after a year and a half; early in 1939, after her divorce, she went to Bermuda and began to think things over. "I had never had time to think before," she says. "I began to think of Britain." Her thoughts became more acute late that summer, when, visiting in Newport, she listened on the radio to the Allies' ultimatum to Germany which preceded the declaration of war. "I had always admired all the things England stood for," Mrs. Latham tells friends. "I felt that England was very brave and very gallant and threw herself into the breach." Late that fall, her feelings about England reached a pitch which made her suspect that most of the pro-Ally groups in this country were paying too much attention to France and too little to Great Britain. "This is the damnedest thing, I thought," she says. "I went to see the Consul General, Godfrey Haggard, and asked him whether England couldn't use our help."

Mr. Haggard said yes, and at once Mrs. Latham impulsively cabled Mrs. Winston Churchill, whom she had never met, and asked her what England needed. Sea-boot stockings for men on mine-sweepers, Mrs. Churchill cabled back, and subsequently mailed official instructions about designs and sizes. Mrs. Latham persuaded a number of her friends to start knitting these garments, did a little knitting herself, then threw a half-finished stocking aside and really got down to business. She called at the offices of several men of affairs she knew, among them Thomas J. Watson, James W. Gerard, and John W. Davis, told them she wanted to form an organization of women to help England, and asked their advice. They inquired what she was going to call it. "Bundles for Britain," said Mrs. Latham, who had thought this up in bed one night after discarding "Boxes for Britain" and "Barrels for Britain." Her advisers considered the name a trifle undignified, but she told them the man in the street would like it, registered Bundles for Britain with the State Department, and got Mrs. Churchill to serve as honorary sponsor. Next she spotted an empty street-front store at 484 Park Avenue, found that the building belonged to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and called on Frederick H. Ecker, the chairman of the board, to persuade him to let her have it free as a headquarters, a place where women eager to knit for England might buy wool and deliver their knitting. At first, Mr. Ecker, a man with a lot of things on his mind, did not know what Mrs. Latham was talking about, since he had no idea his company owned the property at 484 Park Avenue. However, he arranged that Bundles for Britain should occupy the store free, with the understanding that it would move out on ten days' notice if a paying tenant appeared. This has not happened yet. Bundles opened shop on January 15, 1940, with Mrs. Latham, Mrs. Gagné, and Miss Van Vechten on hand, and a sketch of seamen on an armed trawler, contributed by McClelland Barclay, in the window. Dozens of women came in for wool that day, and within two weeks branches were forming spontaneously in other parts of the country. At Mrs. Latham's suggestion, Mrs. Churchill cabled Bundles about new needs as they arose; for example, warm clothing for the armed forces after the evacuation of Dunkerque, canteens and first-aid supplies for civilians after the bombing of London began. In a few months the organization had a hundred branches.

Outside of New York, Bundles for

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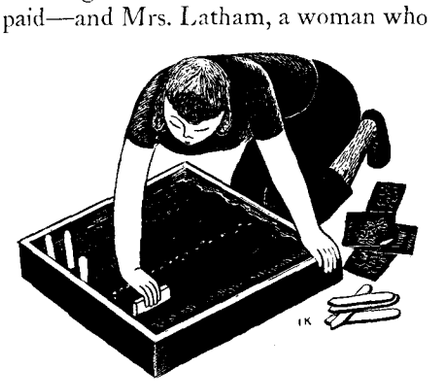
Britain's most productive branches today are in Hollywood, Louisville, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Kansas City, Des Moines, Washington, and Portland, Oregon. The Washington one opened last June with a garden party at the British Embassy; Mrs. Latham, wearing a picture hat and a short red-and-white print dress she had run up herself, stood next to the late Lord Lothian and shook hands with five thousand guests who had paid a dollar apiece to attend. She considers the propaganda value of the movement as important as the bundles themselves and was delighted to overhear one uninhibited visitor say to the British Ambassador, "I'm from South Dakota, and I hope you win." Through her work, Mrs. Latham has been thrown with a good many prominent people, among them Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Willkie, and General Hugh Johnson, all of whom have written or talked in behalf of Bundles for Britain, and Christopher Morley and Alice Duer Miller, who have autographed copies of their books to be sold for the cause. She enjoys these contacts immensely and wonders how she ever could have been satisfied, as she was during her early married days, with the companionship of unambitious Junior Leaguers and Racquet Club members. She also derives great satisfaction from letters of thanks—some of them beginning "Dear Bundles"—which her organization gets from people in England, and she has photostats of the best of them sent to all of the organization's branches. Letters of protest, many of them suggesting that England pay her debts before we send her bundles, are placed in folders marked "Crank File" and are not photostated.

Into every garment knitted for Bundles for Britain is sewn a label bearing the words "From Your American Friends, Bundles for Britain." Many of Bundles' letters of thanks come from men on active duty. "Dear Friends," a typical one says, "This is a British Tommy Atkins writing to thank you for a pair of socks received recently, and very welcome they are. . . . Now, on the little label sewn on those socks, it said 'From Your American Friends.' I've often wanted a pen friend in America and am wondering if there is anyone among you who would be willing to correspond, with what endeavors to be a rational being, to discuss things which interest and intrigue both of us, each side of the Atlantic." So many requests of this sort have come in that Bundles has set up a Letters to England Department, comprised of volunteers who, on Bundles for Britain stationery, write to English soldiers, nurses, and civilians who have asked to correspond with American pen friends. The first batch of communications, designed for a selected list of recipients, were composed a few weeks ago at a tea at the Stork Club by a band of eight débutantes. The letters discussed the theatre, books, and concerts and, before being mailed, were passed on by a committee consisting of Consul General Haggard, Mrs. William M. Seabury, Lady Beale, and Constance Collier. "Romance is not permitted to creep into these letters—at least from this end," says Mrs. Latham. Later, many letters were written by less social Bundles workers, on the theory that the organization should cater to all varieties of Englishmen.

BUNDLES' development as a nation-wide movement, although from the beginning astonishing to its founder, was at first comparatively sluggish. Last June, just before both major political parties came out for aid to Britain, there were a hundred and thirty-seven branches. Since then, new chapters have sprung up at the rate of about twenty a week. Bundles for Britain's regulations, which have been worked out largely by Mrs. Latham and John White Delafield, a lawyer who serves as the organization's treasurer, provide that branches submit a monthly statement of expenses and receipts—both in cash and kind—to the national headquarters in New York, which in turn must report every month to the State Department. Money raised and all the things sewed, knitted, purchased, or contributed are sent to New York for overseas distribution. For a while both the New York branch of Bundles and the organization's national headquarters occupied the store on Park Avenue; also, clothing and other gifts were sorted, packed, and crated there. Last July, national headquarters were moved to the Squibb Building—where a nominal rental is paid—and Mrs. Latham, a woman who boggles at nothing, wangled, rent-free, an unused telephone-exchange building at 112 West Eighty-ninth Street from the Telephone Company to be used as the warehouse. The New York branch remains on Park Avenue. The five busy floors of the warehouse are littered with knitted garments, castoff clothing of all kinds, and great crates in which the donations are to be shipped. One floor is largely given over to surgical instruments, some new but most of them second-hand equipment contributed by doctors and hospitals. These are piled on a long table to await inspection. Two or three nights a week a group of doctors and nurses come in to look over and sort out whatever has accumulated. Approved instruments, to facilitate packing, are placed in bins marked "Eye," "Nose," "Throat," "Tonsils," "Bone," "Artery," and so on, and then packed; damaged but not hopeless instruments are repaired for Bundles free of charge by various firms.



The sorting and packing of clothing received at the warehouse are done by two hundred and fifty women volunteers who work in relays and are assisted by some twenty-five paid workers. In the zeal of the early days, the ladies of Bundles for Britain occasionally sent over a bundle which may have impaired rather than fostered international friendship. "English people have a most tremendous regard for our clothes and fashions," an American friend in Bundles' London office felt impelled to write to President Latham. "Please don't disillusion them by sending any more unwearables." Bundles has tightened up since then; in the educational literature it sends branches, it asks expressly for "good used clothing." Mrs. Latham is not sure that the generous practice of United Parcel Service of collecting castoff clothing free from anyone who telephones is an unmixed blessing, since what is delivered is often so useless that it would be a waste of shipping space to send it. She has had installed bins marked "Thrift," "Cleaning," and "Mending" in her warehouse; mending is done on the premises and cleaning is attended to free by the Berger cleaners. Articles almost beyond redemption are sent to a thrift shop Bundles helps run on Third Avenue, the proceeds of which are devoted to the purchase of undamaged comforts and necessities. This thrift shop and others all over the country also handle such incongruous gifts as evening slippers, evening gowns, old dinner and tail coats, early-twentieth-century lingerie, canes, umbrellas, mon-

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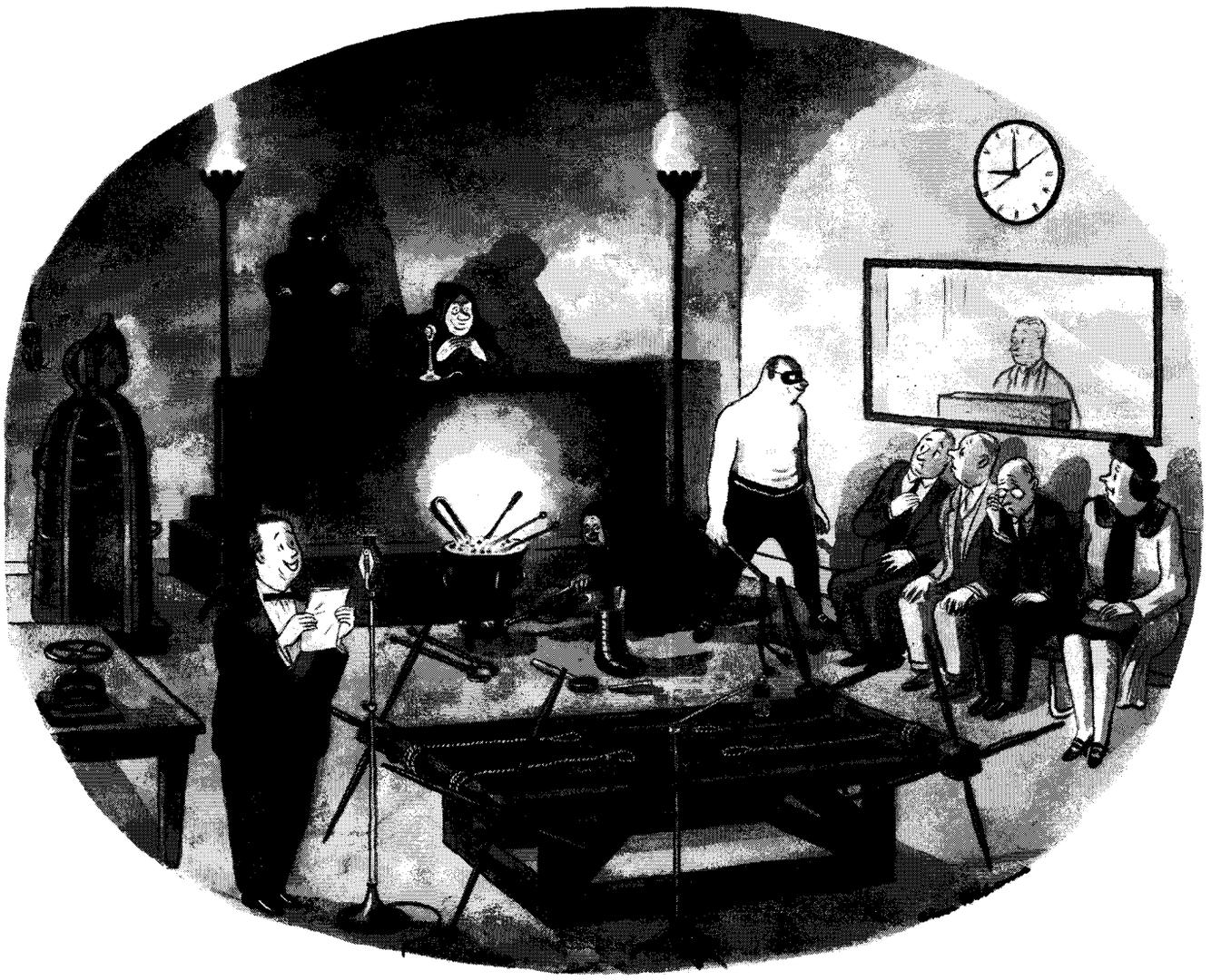

"The makers of Sun-Glo Toilet Soap bring you an entirely different type of quiz program."

• •

ocles, and framed portraits of Booker T. Washington. The State Department forbids it to send over munitions; it therefore turns over machetes, revolvers, and rifles it receives to another Anglophile organization, the American Committee for the Defence of British Homes. Garments in condition too sad even to be sent to the thrift shop are sold as rags, at five and one-half cents a pound. Rags bring in about $1,000 a month.

BUNDLES FOR BRITAIN is sometimes confused with the British War Relief Society, an organization headed by Winthrop W. Aldrich. While the Bundles people like to point out that Mr. Aldrich's group places the emphasis on money-raising, it is true that both philanthropies are mostly performing identical services. Relations between the two groups are none too cordial. Critics of Mrs. Latham in the rival group feel that she has perhaps concentrated too much on the publicity end of her enterprise and that there has been a tendency to use too many paid workers on the national headquarters' staff. A certain competitive spirit in the organizing of branches of the two agencies has been manifest, and friends of Great Britain in the outlying provinces have sometimes been puzzled about which one to join. Lord Halifax is said to be eager to coördinate all British-relief organizations in this country, and a merger between British War Relief and Bundles has often been suggested by outsiders.

The extraordinary growth of Bundles for Britain, whose cash receipts during the first thirteen weeks this year were about $650,000, or a little more than in all of 1940, has given Mrs. Latham growing pains but has entrenched her as the complete boss of her own show. She entertains and peps up representatives of out-of-town branches when they come here and makes frequent duty trips, drumming up interest by making speeches before branch groups. She recently returned from a tour of the Midwest. The branch chairmen, usually ladies in their forties and fifties, rarely fail to comment on the youthfulness of their national leader. Wherever she is, Mrs. Latham habitually carries a loose-leaf notebook in which she jots down such items as "Put So-and-So on committee for ball at Waldorf May 19th," "Make sea-boot stockings an inch longer," and "Do such-and-such in Buffalo branch." Her responsibilities have not lessened her original enthusiasm. "It's like a fairy tale," she says from time to time. "I just go around pinching myself, it's so thrilling. Every once in a while my engine

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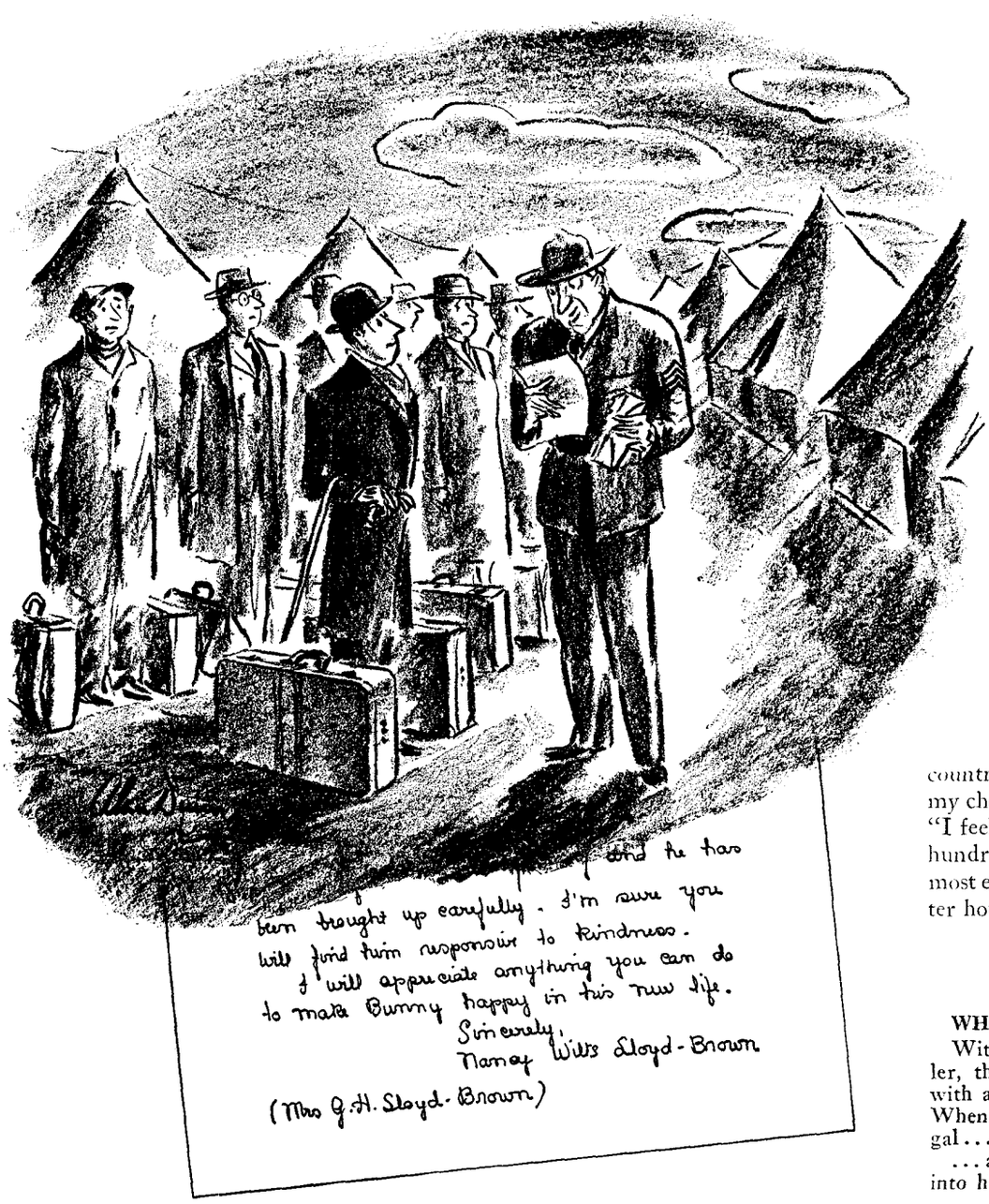
runs down and I go to bed for two days." The last time Mrs. Latham's engine ran down was in November; she fainted at a meeting and went to stay with friends in Morristown, where she took to bed for two days, waking up at intervals to drink eggnogs and jot down constructive notes on a pad she kept next to her bed. The third day, she got up and began making notes under a tree; on the fourth day she returned to New York.

Mrs. Latham lives in an apartment on East Eighty-second Street, and usually her engine is so good that she rises at seven-thirty, breakfasts with her daughters, and then walks them four blocks to school—Miss Hewitt's—before going to Bundles' office in the Squibb Building. The office contains a great many desk workers who handle correspondence with branches, orders for wool, plans for parties, and scripts for radio programs. In one large room are a number of filing cabinets and a big map of the United States, on which the nine hundred and twenty-two branches are indicated by red pins. The salaried workers, many of whom work for less than they could get elsewhere, are chiefly stenographers, secretaries, accountants, and publicity men. According to Mrs. Latham, Bundles' operating expenses have been whittled down to nine per cent of its receipts in cash and kind; she is trying to cut the figure even more by using a higher proportion of volunteer workers. Her office, a large, light room with three windows and the title "President" on the door, is the scene of biweekly meetings of department heads, at which she usually presides. During these get-togethers, Mrs. Latham radiates energy, talks confidently in her high, girlish voice, and makes suggestions as ingenious as any theatrical press agent's. For instance, it was her idea to have Bundles for Britain mobile canteens tour the country serving a typical post-raid lunch to mayors, governors, and WPA workers. Suggestions of this sort have won her the professional admiration of her publicity chief, Mr. Sutherland. "This veritable human dynamo, this little woman, is the active sparker of the entire movement," he said the other day.

Just now, Mrs. Latham is particularly busy trying to get two hundred thousand blankets and a large sum of money for thirty-seven English hospitals which her organization looks after regularly. Her spirits, never low, have lately been raised by a letter from Mrs. Churchill, which said, "We are all moved by your splendid and continued generosity," and by a similar letter from the Mayor of Coventry. She has already thought ahead to what she wants Bundles for Britain to do when peace comes, and foresees a time when the organization will be helping the crippled and the widows and orphans of Britain and rebuilding a country ravaged by war. Meantime, if the United States should enter the war, Bundles could easily be converted into an agency for American relief.

Mrs. Latham has other irons in the fire. As a director of the Outdoor Cleanliness Association and a member of the Yorkville Community Association, she wants to tidy up the city and is working on a project to send all the city's slum children to the country every summer. "But Bundles is my chief occupation just now," she says. "I feel as though I had a family of nine hundred thousand. I think life is the most exciting, marvellous thing, no matter how awful things are."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN


been brought up carefully. I'm sure you
will find him responsive to kindness.
I will appreciate anything you can do
to make Bunny happy in this new life.
Sincerely,
Nancy Wills Lloyd-Brown
(Mrs G.H. Lloyd-Brown)

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WHAT LUCEPAPER D'YA READ?

With Carol at the wheel of his Chrysler, they had gone for their daily drive with a Spanish police car watching them. When they reached the highway to Portugal . . .—*Life*.

. . . and with Carol at the wheel stepped into his Mercedes "for a drive."—*Time*.

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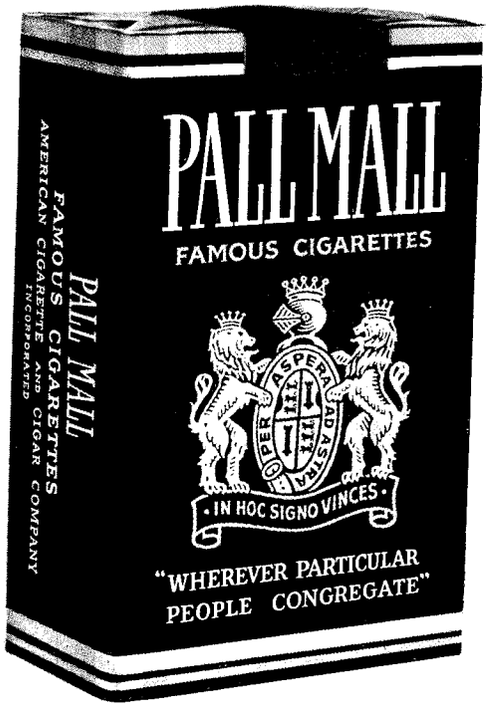
In cigarettes, as in army planes, it's modern design that counts!

"You girls know the importance of design,— modern design!"



● LOOK AT Pall Mall closely. It's not merely a longer cigarette. It's a milestone in cigarette history!

For Pall Mall is a cigarette deliberately designed for better smoking.

Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer than the old-style cigarette. And this additional length is important.

Because it travels the smoke further—the smoke reaches you cooler. Because it filters the smoke through more tobacco—the smoke is definitely milder.

Important, too, is BULKING.

Because this careful Pall Mall process mellows tobaccos as nothing else can.

In BULKING, the traditionally fine Pall Mall tobaccos acquire a new character. The delicate flavors blend together. All harshness is gradually softened.

Pall Mall becomes a noticeably smoother cigarette.

The smoke of these fine tobaccos — enriched by BULKING, traveled and filtered through Pall Mall's greater length—gives you a combination of advantages no other cigarette can offer.

"You girls know the importance of design,—modern design!"

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically.

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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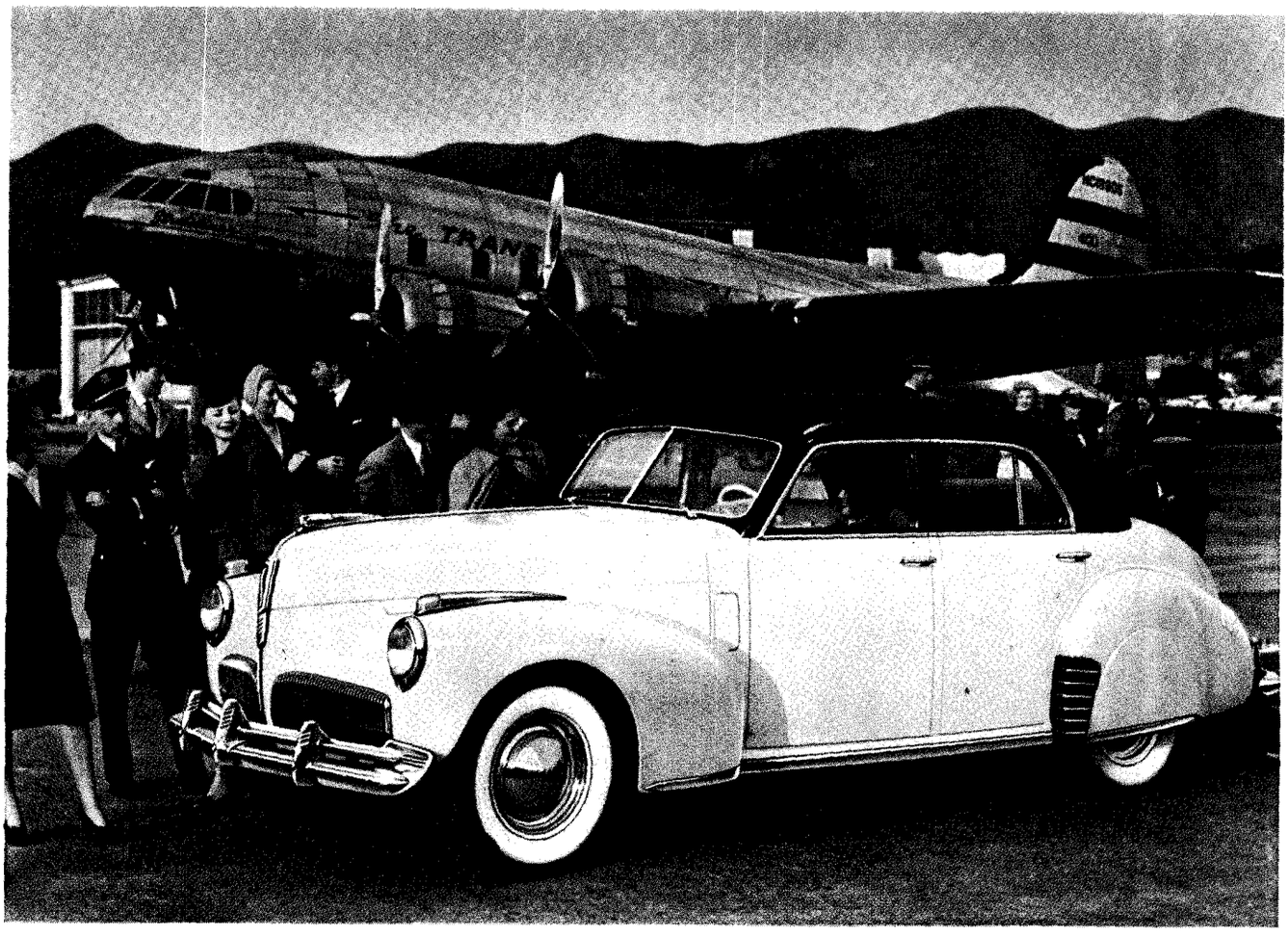

Excitingly new as the latest model transport planes

Presenting

STUDEBAKER'S NEW *Skyway Series*

HERE are the high-style stars of all the 1941 cars! Clean-lined beauty! Streamlined distinction! They're yours in three stunning Skyway Series body types on the Studebaker Commander Six and President Eight chassis! Long, lithe, colorful, daringly different cars!

This smartly slipstreamed new Studebaker Skyway Series gleams with the newest notes in Spring colors and harmonizing contrasts.

Doors open wide on interiors of breath-taking loveliness. Rich, single-tone broadcloth upholstery is finely tailored in wide pleats over deep, restful cushions. The instrument panel reflects the color scheme in two-toned harmony. De luxe fittings and equipment complete the luxury picture of these Skyway Series models.

You never saw such alluring charm and individuality outside of styled-to-order custom cars. You never enjoyed such thrilling, air-borne performance.

But the proof is in a drive. So see your local Studebaker dealer now and get behind the wheel of one of these beautiful Skyway Series models.

You may use your present car as part payment on a distinctive Skyway Series Studebaker. Easy C.I.T. terms.

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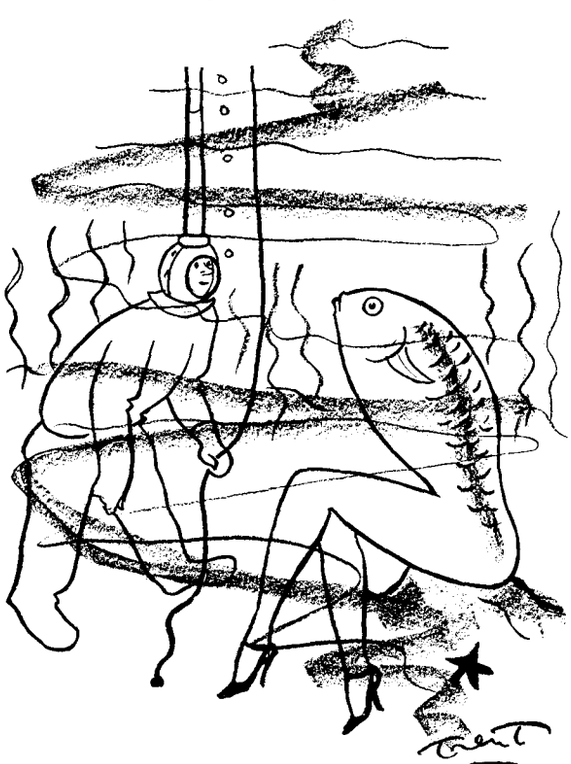
MUCH MORE IN SORROW

NOBODY operating a typewriter these days is funnier than S. J. Perelman, a definitive authority on the life and times of Mr. Sherlock Holmes; the author of many brave and tender books, including perhaps my favorite title in modern literature, "Dawn Ginsberg's Revenge;" and the greatest living exponent of the free-association method as applied to humor. The Perelman system has a misleadingly simple air, causing many to suppose that all he has to do is sit down and let his mind frisk lightly from one thing to another, like a mountain goat, and consequently that any damn fool can write good nonsense. This is somewhat like saying that all the gifted people who tell dialect stories at dinner parties ought to be actors, and it is a great mistake. When the young master subtitles one of his essays "Note Found in an Empty Stomach Off Santa Barbara" and begins it with the sentence "One day not long ago in Los Angeles I found myself, banderillas in hand, facing the horns of a dilemma," you are in for some rich and majestic confusion all right, but don't kid yourself that it is either accidental or easy. At its best, the Perelman nonsense has a very strict discipline and logic of its own, and as a form of social and literary criticism it is frequently a good deal more instructive than a lot of stuff you'll find in the *New Republic*. He is very, very good, and he also knows more about style than some I could name who make a fancy living going around and annoying undergraduates with lectures about it. All this, very reluctantly indeed, leads up to the problem of why "The Night Before Christmas," on which he collaborated with his intelligent wife, isn't quite the play we all hoped it was going to be.

The comedy at the Morosco suffers from some strangely indecisive acting in its principal rôles and its director hasn't contributed much in the way of invention or pace, but I'm afraid the Perelmans can't be regarded entirely as the victims of an unfortunate production. The idea of a gang of small-time crooks and con men taking over a Sixth Avenue luggage shop for the purpose of tunnelling into a bank vault next door ought to be funny, and quite often it is, but the total effect is disappointing. The authors are wonderful at thinking up isolated bits and pieces of fine nonsense, but, unlike the same material in the hands of Mr. Kaufman or Mr. Abbott, these are never made a structural part of the play, essential to its movement. No less than nine actors, for instance, are employed for very brief blackout sketches having no roots in the plot worth mentioning. Not only does this strike me as a hell of an uneconomical way of doing things from the producer's point of view, but also it gives the whole performance a disconnected and episodic air, in which the main theme too often gets kicked out in the wings to die of neglect. I suspect, too, that there is something about Mr. Perelman's active mind that makes routine exposition a little dull for him, because the parts of his play that deal with young love and other necessary but tedious complications seem more or less perfunctory, as if he had written them off rather rapidly, conceivably on a train. Altogether, in spite of such pleasant, ingenious moments as the one when a safecracker crawls into a magician's trunk and noisily disappears, and another when a salesman from a luggage company demonstrates a lady's hatbox that is also an umbrella, "The Night Before Christmas" hasn't quite the shape or substance it is likely to need to get along in a highly competitive profession, or racket.



As intimated above, the acting isn't much, and it can be dismissed briefly. One of the most characteristic things about Mr. Perelman's humor is that syntax has a lot to do with it—the subtle dislocation of familiar idioms, the rearrangement of clichés into staggering super-clichés. It is probably hard to transplant this sort of thing to the comedy stage, which deals most successfully with simple declarative sentences, but I'm sure it could have been done. Unfortunately, however, the actors at the Morosco don't seem to be much interested in their authors' technique and they misplace accents, swallow crucial lines, and gesture so profusely in the wrong places that by the time they get through, the stage is knee-deep in dead jokes. Forrest Orr, Phyllis Brooks, and the previously fascinating George Mathews, who play the leading parts, seem almost equally guilty in this respect, and Romney Brent, who directed them, apparently hasn't done much to clear up their confusion. There are some excellent performances in small rôles, especially those given by Louis Sorin, John Ravold, and George Petrie, but they aren't around enough to help much. I liked Boris Aronson's luggage-shop interior. Nice and messy.

—Wolcott Gibbs

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From "The Psychology of Abnormal People, with Educational Applications," by John J. B. Morgan*]

Each person has to adjust to contacts with other physical objects. If he gets in front of a moving car he may be physically injured. He may be killed by a bomb, may fall from a precipice or be the victim of other physical injuries. Disability or death as a result of circumstances of this sort is due to the failure to adjust himself to things about him on the physical level.

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SAM H. HARRIS PRODUCTIONS
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in a Musical Play
"LADY IN THE DARK"
by MOSS HART
Music by KURT WEILL Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN Production by HASSARD SHORT
ALVIN Thea., 52 St. W. of B'way • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"
A Comedy by
MOSS HART and GEO. S. KAUFMAN
with MONTY WOOLLEY
MUSIC BOX, 45 St. W. of B'way • Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

KATHARINE CORNELL
presents
THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA
by BERNARD SHAW
with
RAYMOND MASSEY
SHUBERT THEATRE, W. 44th St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN presents
JANE COWL
A New Comedy by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
"Old Acquaintance"
with KENT SMITH AURIOL LEE Directed by
PEGGY WOOD
BROADHURST, W. 44th St. CI 6-6699. Evgs. 8:40
No Perf. Mon. Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

MAX GORDON presents
MY SISTER EILEEN
THE RIOTOUS LAUGH HIT
by JOSEPH FIELDS and JEROME CHODOROV
Based on the stories by RUTH McKENNEY
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
BILTMORE TH. 47th St. W. of B'way. CI 6-9353
EVGS. 8:40. MATINEES WED. & SAT., 2:40

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF • ALLYN JOSLYN
Josephine Hull • Jean Adair • John Alexander
FULTON Thea. W. 46 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"Enormously funny—side splitting"
—Wm. Lyon Phelps
CHARLEY'S AUNT
By Brandon Thomas
With JOSÉ FERRER
CORT TH., 48th St., E. of B'way
BR 9-0046. Evgs. 8:40. 55c to $3.30
Mats. Wednesday & Saturday at 2:40

Mercury Production by ORSON WELLES
Native Son
A Play by PAUL GREEN & RICHARD WRIGHT
"★★★★" —MANTLE, NEWS
ST. JAMES Thea., 246 W. 44 St. LAc. 4-4664
Eves. incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Sat. & Sun. No Mon. Perfs.

OLSEN & JOHNSON'S NEW
HELLZAPOPPIN
4th YEAR
WINTER GARDEN B'WAY & 50 ST.

OF ALL THINGS

SECRETARY HULL ignored the action of the Copenhagen government voiding our agreement with the Danish minister to build military bases in Greenland. He feels there is something rotten in the state of Denmark, and he doesn't mean Danes.

•

The importance of Greenland is due entirely to the development of aviation. We remember the good old days when the island was just a place where they made icebergs and bad weather.

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Russia's rebuke to Hungary for jumping on the Yugoslavs is Stalin's fourth indirect attack upon the Nazis. Hitler, however, does not seem to mind being slapped by proxy.

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When Haile Selassie returns to Addis Ababa, he will hardly know the place. The Italians made many improvements, laboring under a hot sun and a mistaken impression.

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The Germans are doing some spring intriguing in Iraq, with an eye on the Mosul oil fields. They would love to get a good supply of Axis grease.

•

Roused by the defence program, hopes are again stirring in the breasts of prohibitionists. Probably nothing will happen, but it might be a good idea to lay in some genuine prewar stuff.

•

The Bureau of Mines reports that we can make enough oil from our coal supplies to last three thousand years. Meaning, presumably, that some time in 4941 the horse will stage a comeback.

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The Gallup poll has finally got around to the subject of catching cold. The voters are overwhelmingly against it.

•

Mayor Hague has succeeded in postponing the installation of voting machines until after the Jersey City election. His Honor frowns upon anything that smacks of machine politics.

•

The German people are reported to be suffering from a lack of vitamins in their diet. Everybody is thin and pale over there, with the possible exception of Göring. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

CENTER THEATRE Rockefeller Center
America's First Ice Theatre
Sonja Henie & Arthur Wirtz present
Musical Icetravaganza
IT HAPPENS ON ICE
2nd Edition
Eves. incl. Sun. at 8:40: $2.75 to $1.10. Mats. Sun., Wed. & Sat. at 2:40: $2.20 to $1.10. CO. 5-5474. No Monday perf. Unreserved 75¢ seats on sale ea. perf. when doors open.

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S NEW PLAY
WATCH ON THE RHINE
with
LUCILE WATSON • PAUL LUKAS • MADY CHRISTIANS
"DRAMA AT ITS BEST" Winchell, Mirror
MARTIN BECK W. 45. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Herman Shumlin presents
ETHEL BARRYMORE in
"THE CORN IS GREEN"
A play by Emlyn Williams
"A MASTERPIECE"
—Atkinson, N. Y. Times
NATIONAL Theatre, 41 St., W. of B'way. PE 6-8220
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"Most Attractive Couple on Broadway"
—Louis Sobol, Journ.-Amer.
Alfred de Liagre, Jr., presents
"Mr. and Mrs. North"
The Comedy Murder Hit
PEGGY CONKLIN ALBERT HACKETT
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LETTER FROM THE NORTH ATLANTIC

MARCH 3

I AM writing this while crossing the Atlantic on one of the largest British passenger vessels still afloat. We should reach England within a few days. The trip has everyone pretty well worn out, for the weather has been terrible and the ship has been zigzagging at irregular intervals, causing her to pitch and roll alarmingly in the mean, wintry ocean. All the portholes are sealed tight and the windows on the upper decks are boarded up, making the cabins and lounges terribly stuffy. Most of the passengers are down with colds caught by going out on windswept decks for a moment's relief from overheated, unventilated smoking rooms. The liner is painted a dull gray over her whole exterior, including her two funnels. We are not being convoyed across, but we understand that we are to be met by escort planes when we are a day or so from England.

Like many of the passengers, I boarded the ship at New York. As soon as we left the harbor, the lifeboats were lowered to the ready position; that is, slung level with the decks so we could get into them without delay in case of an emergency. Lifeboat drills were held each morning during the first three days of the trip. In New York we had been led to believe that we would proceed straight to "a British port," but it subsequently developed that we had to call at Halifax first—just why, none of the crew seemed to know.

As a matter of fact, on this ship none of the crew seems to know anything. Officers, stewards, pursers, and seamen are continually pestered by the passengers for information, but those who are not just naturally dull pretend that they are and no one gets very much satisfaction. Perhaps no one aboard actually does know what the plans are for us. Before our arrival in Halifax I was told, on what I thought was good authority, that we would be staying in the port for three days. A few minutes later another seemingly informed person assured me we would be there a week. We were there nine hours.

THERE are some eighteen hundred passengers—men, women, and children—on board and they are about evenly divided between those who are making the trip as private citizens and those whose passage in some way immediately concerns the British government. Among the first group, none, of course, are tourists or sightseers; all of them have had to give the British authorities a sound reason for wanting to make the crossing. Probably ninety per cent of them are British nationals born in England, Scotland, or northern Ireland; the rest, for the most part, are also Britishers but born in other parts of the world. They include English businessmen, some of them returning with American orders for their merchandise, others called home by their head offices because trade in whatever part of the world they happened to be stationed has collapsed on account of the war. Lord Galway, who was recently replaced as Governor General of New Zealand, is aboard, and so is Robert Speaight, the novelist and actor, who appeared in London and New York a few years ago in T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral." A number of the passengers are journalists; one is a correspondent for the London *News-Chronicle* who, after covering the Finnish and Norwegian campaigns for his paper, had to take the long way home, across Russia, the Pacific, and Canada.

Of those in whose passage the British government has a direct interest, about a hundred and sixty are fliers from Canada, Australia, and New Zealand going over to join the Royal Air Force, twenty are American pilots bound for the Eagle Squadron of the R.A.F., two hundred and eighty are Newfoundland fisher boys on their way to serve in the Royal Navy, and four hundred are enemy aliens, men who were living in England at the outbreak of the war and, with thousands of others, were rounded up and sent to Canada, where they were interned while the authorities investigated each of them individually. These internees, as they are called, are among the lucky ones whose records have been found to be O.K., thus giving them the privilege of returning to England.

Except for the internees, all of the passengers, military and civilian, mingle with one another. The internees are confined to what are ordinarily the third-class accommodations. They wear civilian clothes, but each man must also wear a large circular patch of red cloth on the back of his coat and a broad red stripe down both trouser legs. They are watched over by thirty-four members of the Canadian Corps of Signallers, who escorted them aboard at Halifax and, in addition to doing sentry duty outside the third-class exits, stand guard over the wireless room, bridge, and other vital parts of the ship.

LIFE belts (called Mae Wests by the airmen) are carried by everyone at all times, day and night. Cameras have been confiscated by the purser for the duration of the voyage, for there is valuable cargo lashed to the decks and the authorities aren't taking any chances of having it photographed. Passengers are not allowed radios for fear that they might in some manner be used to give away the position of the ship. Our vessel's name does not appear on the menus or on the notepaper in the lounges. To go out on deck, one has to pass through two doors, first drawing aside a heavy curtain, and if it is night, the inside door must be closed before the outside one is opened. Wooden screens have been built on deck as an added precaution against light leaking out when the doors are opened. There are no lights on deck, at night smoking there is forbidden, and, to quote from a notice on the bulletin board, "passengers are warned that to shine a flashlight on deck at night is suicidal." If the evening is cloudy, it is unwise to stroll far from a doorway because the darkness is so appalling that it makes finding your way back a real problem.

The airmen parade at ten-fifteen each morning, merely for roll call and to receive a few bits of advice from their commanding officer. His message to them on the second morning out was this: "Keep the pockets of your greatcoats crammed with chocolate bars and biscuits, and carry a bottle of rum if you have it. No man is allowed to skip breakfast. I know you may feel prompted to say, 'Oh, there's a parade at ten-fifteen, I'll sleep until then.' But remember that a man with a full belly is much more useful in time of emergency than a man with an empty belly. So eat a big breakfast, every one of you. And don't get drunk at night. If you pin a bun on and there's a call to lifeboats, you'll find yourself getting left."

There was a noticeable falling off in drinking among the airmen after that. As we got nearer to England and the danger zone, the captain ordered that all bars on the ship be closed at ten each night. For most of the airmen and other passengers, however, such warnings and restrictions appear to be unnecessary. The chief barroom steward tells me that

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there is much less drinking on this ship now than there was in peacetime. "I guess the reason is that the people want to have all their wits about them if anything serious happens" is the way he explains it.

FOR all the precautions, the passengers show little anxiety or fear. We may be torpedoed, mined, or bombed, but no one I have encountered seems to be worrying over the prospect. The cabin and table stewards are very reassuring; most of them have been through this and worse. My table steward was on the Empress of Britain when she was bombed and sunk off England. The purser's boy, a lad of sixteen who looks nearer twelve, has crossed the Atlantic thirteen times during the war. He has been bombed twice, torpedoed once, and mined three times. Across the palm of his left hand there is the wide, irregular scar of a recently healed wound. He doesn't like to talk about it. "I try to hide it as much as possible from the passengers," he says. "They might worry, you know, sir."

There are a surprising number of women aboard—perhaps four hundred in all. A few of them are Canadian nurses and others with wartime jobs to do in Britain, but the majority of them are women going home simply because they feel England is where they ought to be in these times. One is an English girl in her middle twenties who has lived in the United States for three years and is now returning so she can be with her mother. A middle-aged Englishwoman who has been a resident of Canada for the last fifteen years and has brought up her children there is on her way back because her husband is in England and she wants to be with him. A Scottish boy is one of the dozen or so children on the ship. He is travelling with his mother, who took him to Canada last summer, when hundreds of children were evacuated from England. Mother and son are now returning to their native land because they're homesick.

—WALLACE REYBURN

•

The Wilson County Baptist Fifth Sunday meeting will be held at Cedar Grove Baptist church March 30, Rev. Fred Evans, chairman of the Fifth Sunday committee, announced this week.

Visitors from other churches will be spread on the ground if weather permits.—*Lebanon (Tenn.) Democrat.*

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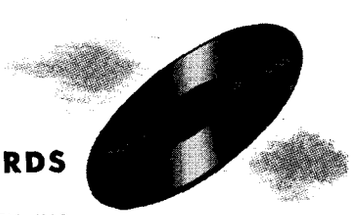

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THAT WAS THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

MR. McANENY AND THE LITTLE GIRL FROM JACKSON HEIGHTS

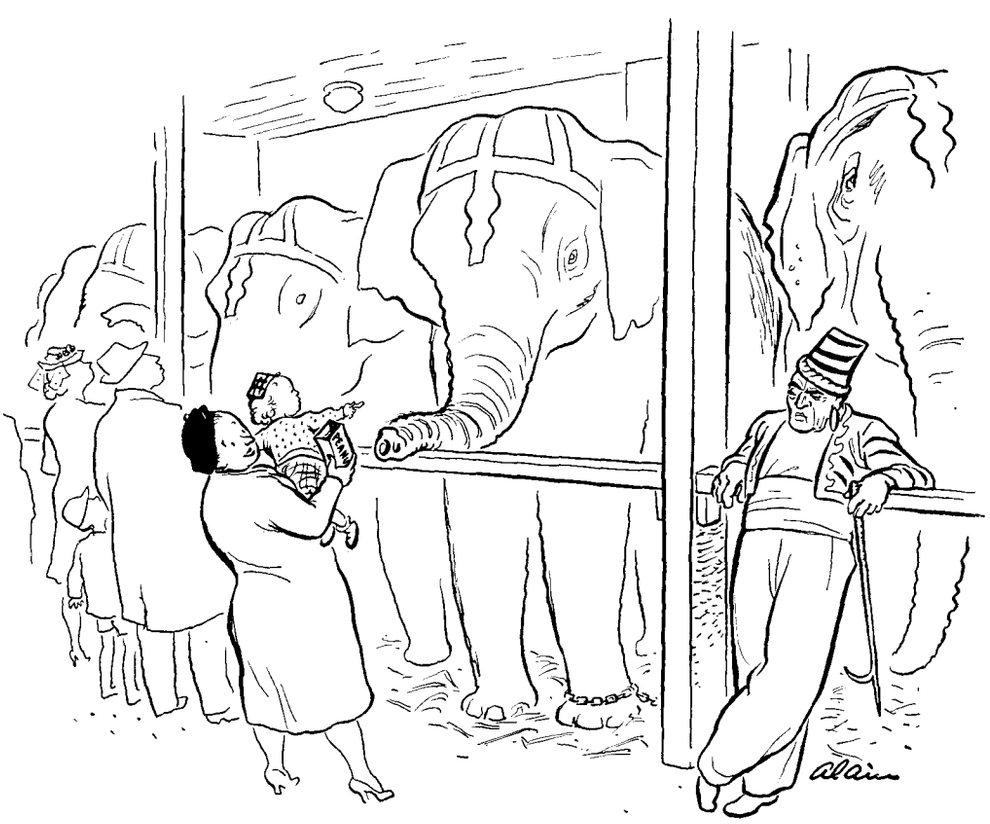
JUST before suppertime at her home in Jackson Heights one day toward the end of 1934, a little girl named Jacqueline Shadgen, sitting on her father's knee, heard him ask the familiar parental question, "Well, what did you learn in school today?" Since those words were uttered, many grown people in various walks of life have had occasion to speculate on the ease with which Jacqueline could have dodged her father's question by answering, "Oh, nothing much, Daddy," as children frequently do. Jacqueline, however, chose to answer the question faithfully. Her decision to do this may give her a place in history roughly comparable to that of the little Dutch boy who stuck his finger in the dyke, except that Jacqueline started something instead of stopping something. The New York World's Fair, 1939-40, was a direct result of Jacqueline's unwillingness or inability to give her father an evasive answer to his rather foolish question.

Jacqueline's fateful reply was "Well, I learned that the United States is a hundred and fifty-eight years old this year, because the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776." Here again the possibilities in the conversation invite some mulling over. Her father, Mr. Joseph Shadgen, might easily have nodded absent-mindedly and remarked, with finality, "My, that's interesting, isn't it?" Or supper could conceivably have been put on the table by Mrs. Shadgen just then, breaking up the talk. What happened, however, was that Mr. Shadgen pointed out to his daughter, somewhat tediously, that as a matter of fact the formal birth of the United States could more accurately be said to have occurred when George Washington was inaugurated President in 1789 right here in New York at the corner of Nassau and Wall Streets. Therefore, he went on to tell his daughter, the United States wouldn't really have its hundred-and-fiftieth birthday, much less its hundred-and-fifty-eighth, until 1939.

At this point, Mrs. Shadgen did announce that the evening meal was ready, and Mr. Shadgen and his daughter joined her in the dining room. Too late. The idea of the New York World's Fair had entered Mr. Shadgen's mind. Without saying anything to his wife and daughter about it, he decided before he was halfway through supper that he was going to see if New York couldn't have a world's fair to celebrate that forthcoming hundred-and-fiftieth birthday in 1939.

Mr. Shadgen was, and still is, a man of modest means, a civil engineer without excessive forcefulness of personality and without wide acquaintanceship among the great or even near great in his city, state, or nation. You might think that a man thus equipped, starting out to pull off something which would certainly call for investments, both private and public, amounting to several million dollars would have had quite a job on his hands, a task that could easily occupy him day in and day out for years. Actually, Mr. Shadgen's idea eventually called for, and got, $170,000,000, which is more than several and is especially staggering in view of the fact that, as an investment, it was almost exactly like water poured down a drain. Yet Mr. Shadgen seems merely to have had to open his mouth once or twice and the thing was accomplished. The New York World's Fair became a reality so readily and with so little effort on his part that he literally lost touch with it in the rush and ultimately had to raise his voice in the law courts before the Fair (by then a corporation) would notice him a second time. The Fair then paid him $45,000 for his thought. The sum was so rankly arbitrary that, like many other sums having to do with the Fair, it somehow seemed perfectly right and beautiful to everybody at the time, including Mr. Shadgen. Maybe it was. Yet in this spring of 1941, the first spring without a New York World's Fair in quite some time, that figure and many of the other World's Fair figures take on a fresh, almost a crisp, aspect for the mathematically inclined, or even for those who can just add and subtract.

TO understand the setting in which the World's Fair idea flowered into what it did, it might be well to go back briefly into the weeks immediately preceding Mr. Shadgen's historic conversation with Jacqueline. Shadgen has never been a man to repulse or give affront to an idea when it comes into his head. At the time he decided to put himself out over the idea that something ought to be done about the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington, he had reluctantly emerged from an enthusiastic period during which he had zealously pampered another idea—an idea that



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something should be done about the fact that, though repeal had been accomplished, wealthy people living in apartments had no suitable storage places for fine wines.

This wine-storage idea had developed in the following manner: Mr. Shadgen had met at a cocktail party in Manhattan one Edward F. Roosevelt, a second cousin of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and a sixth cousin of the President. Mr. Roosevelt, who had spent twenty years in Europe working for the International Harvester Company, was living at the Seamen's House Y.M.C.A., earning his room and board there by acting as a recreational instructor for four hours a day. The rest of the day he spent looking for supplementary employment. Mr. Shadgen was in somewhat more fortunate economic circumstances than Mr. Roosevelt, having a home in Jackson Heights and some savings. He had worked for an engineering firm for some years and had recently given up his job.

Mr. Roosevelt still remembers that the person who introduced him to Shadgen at the cocktail party (a person whose identity, however, is lost to posterity) said to him, "Mr. Roosevelt, this is Mr. Shadgen, who has some distinct ideas about fine wines." Shadgen and Roosevelt, naturally enough, talked about fine wines and Shadgen outlined his distinct ideas. These were that though repeal had been accomplished, wealthy people living in apartments, et cetera. The upshot of the conversation was that the two men decided a company should be formed to finance the renting of, say, twenty-five thousand square feet of floor space somewhere underground on the upper East Side, that this floor space should be divided up into suitable storage places for fine wines, and that these spaces should be rented, like so many safe-deposit boxes, to wealthy people living in apartments. Accordingly, in the succeeding weeks, the two men began calling each other by first names, formed a partnership, rented desk space in a real-estate office, drew up plans, and tried unsuccessfully to find the capital to organize the wine-storage company. Then came Shadgen's conversation with his daughter, and when Shadgen saw Roosevelt the day after his talk with Jacqueline, Shadgen said to Roosevelt, simply, "Ed, this wine-storage idea isn't going to work out, but I've got another idea. Let's put on a world's fair." So they did.

Their first step, after several prolonged conversations, was to go to see a further Roosevelt—Nicholas, this was, then a member of the editorial staff of the *Herald Tribune* and formerly United States Minister to Hungary. He is a first cousin of Edward, a second cousin of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, and a sixth cousin of the President. Shadgen and Edward Roosevelt told Nicholas Roosevelt about their idea, and he was impressed, as Edward had been. He offered to make an appointment for them to see George McAneny, a banker, politician, and all-round civic booster, who was no kin to but a good friend of the President and is also widely thought of as one of the best friends New York ever had.

Edward Roosevelt and Shadgen went to see McAneny. After listening to what they had to say and looking over some rough plans they had drawn up, which, incidentally, suggested that Flushing Meadow was a good place to hold the Fair, Mr. McAneny, as all three men remember it today, leaned back in his chair and said with emotion, "My dear Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Shadgen, a number of us have been sitting around talking off and on for three years trying to figure out what to do about the commercial situation in New York. I think you gentlemen have found the solution."

From this point on, the story of the flowering and fertilizing of Mr. Shadgen's World's Fair idea loses its simplicity and becomes too big a thing for anybody but a full-time historian to handle in all its ramifications. A few omens of what had rapidly begun to get going after McAneny had expressed his approval of the idea, omens that appeared like so much handwriting on a wall during the early months of 1935 and on into the summer of that year, serve to indicate the idea's flamboyant progress.

At the very outset, immediately after McAneny's talk with Shadgen and Roosevelt, a number of intimate little luncheon groups were to be observed, poking up like clusters of early crocuses in public dining rooms around town, notably the Oval Room of the Ritz. Mr. McAneny, himself a director of the Ritz, was the host at these luncheons and among the guests were those of his friends who had, as he had told Shadgen and Roosevelt, been sitting around for three years talking about the commercial situation in New York. These included such local figures as Percy S. Straus, then president of Macy's; William Church Osborn, of the law firm of Osborn, Fleming & Whittlesey; Henry Bruere, president of the Bowery Savings Bank; Matthew Woll, president of the Building Trades Council of the American Federation of Labor; and Grover Whalen. These, and a good

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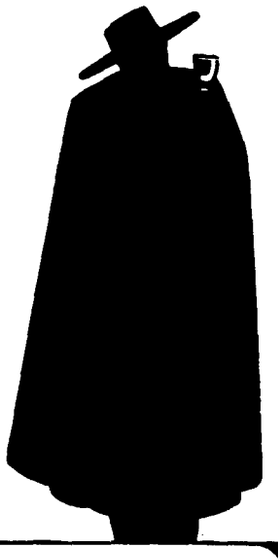
many others of similarly high station, agreed with Mr. McAneny that not only had Shadgen and Roosevelt hit upon something which was in every way alluring and magnificent but that the idea was, besides, a perfect remedy for the commercial situation in New York.

Shadgen and Roosevelt appear even at this early stage to have been coasting into the background. At one of these luncheons a significant remark was made to them by Mr. Whalen, who, leaning across the table, said portentously, "Mr. Shadgen and Mr. Roosevelt, I have great admiration for you. I congratulate you for spending so much time working for the good of our city." Mr. Shadgen had by then got out an old, distinguished-looking Packard which he had kept in dead storage for months, had spent some money having it repaired, and had begun driving it into Manhattan from Jackson Heights when he came to town. Before the Fair ever opened, he put it back in dead storage.

Mr. McAneny, between luncheons, had brought the Fair idea to the attention of President Roosevelt, Governor Lehman, and Mayor LaGuardia, and all three of these officials had expressed a lively interest in it and had, at least informally, indicated that they would try to see that it got the backing, both moral and financial, of the federal government, the state, and the City of New York. Further informal luncheons, dinners, conferences, and so on were held by Mr. McAneny and forward-looking local merchants, bankers, lawyers, and architects, during the next few weeks. Spring came and then summer, with the usual lull that envelops all business and promotional activity, and then, on September 23, 1935, Mr. McAneny formally presented the World's Fair idea to about sixty eminent citizens, sunburned almost to a man, at a dinner at the Ritz. A telegram from President Roosevelt was read aloud, expressing his interest in the Fair and saying, "I hope you will keep me in touch with the decisions and plans."

THE direct result of the dinner was the formation, on October 22nd, of the New York World's Fair Corporation, chartered under the laws of the State of New York as a membership corporation with a hundred and twenty-one incorporators, ninety-five of them in *Who's Who in America*.

A few weeks later, Grover Whalen was made president of the corporation; Mr. McAneny became chairman of the board of directors, which



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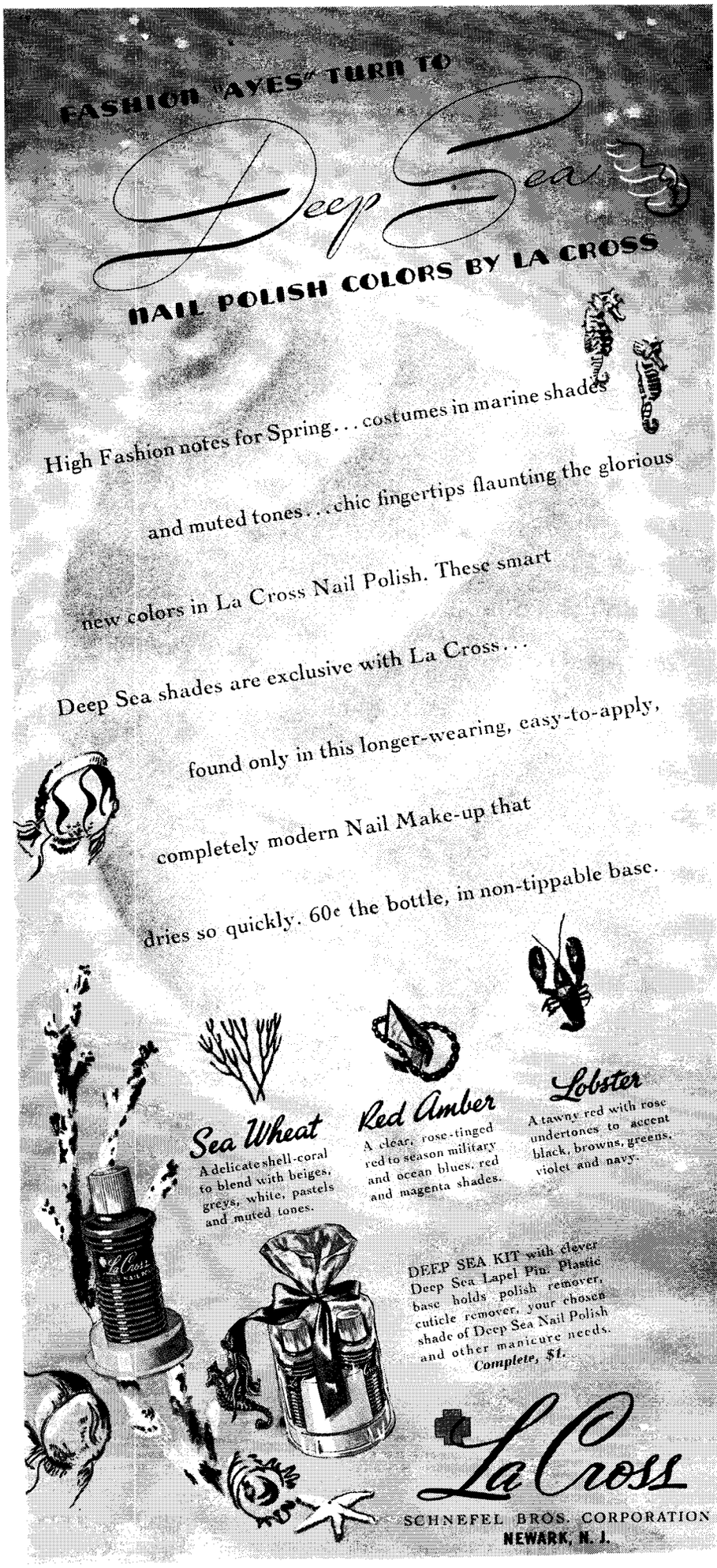
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was composed of ten businessmen, four lawyers, one labor leader, and four bank presidents. Mortimer M. Buckner, chairman of the board of the New York Trust Company, was elected head of the executive committee; Harvey D. Gibson, of the Manufacturers Trust, became chairman of the finance committee; Bayard F. Pope, of the Marine Midland Trust, was made treasurer; and so on. Shadgen and Roosevelt were both given jobs with the corporation at identical salaries—$625 a month.

To meet immediate expenses, such as the payroll, which included Mr. Whalen's salary of $100,000 a year, the corporation now borrowed some money. Mr. Straus, of Macy's, let it have $5,000 and the Manufacturers Trust Company advanced $30,000 on unsecured notes signed by officers of the Fair Corporation. All the first year's expenses were met by other banks in the same manner, and the rate at which Jacqueline's little snowball was rolling itself up is indicated by the total amount borrowed by the Fair Corporation during this preliminary period: $668,799.17.

By December 30, 1936, fourteen months after its formation, the Fair Corporation had borrowed $1,698,704.17. This was small money compared to what it intended to borrow. With all the assurance of an office boy asking for half a buck until Friday, the corporation formed a bond-sales committee and elected Richard Whitney, then in Wall Street, as chairman. The corporation wanted $27,829,500 until the Fair got going, at which time the Fair would begin to pay back the $27,829,500, with four-per-cent interest, to those who bought its bonds.

"We are asking no favors when we give the businessmen of this community the opportunity of investing in their own prosperity in 1939," said Mr. Whitney publicly when the bonds were issued. "He who is to profit should aid in financing his own prosperity," said a prospectus advertising the bond issue.

Consolidated Edison immediately bought $750,000 worth of the bonds, the New York Telephone Company and the Pennsylvania Railroad bought $500,000 worth apiece, the New York Central $400,000, the Fifth Avenue Coach Company $100,000. It was like that. Then came the little fellows, such as the Prima Donna Glove Company, which took $100 worth. By February, 1937, the bond-sales committee had disposed of all but $7,000,000 worth of the bonds. Mr. Whalen then came forward with the idea for the Terrace Club,

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an establishment to be erected on the Fair grounds and to be enjoyed by persons who had bought at least $5,000 worth of bonds. This brought the amount of unsold bonds down to a mere $3,500,000, which a dozen or so New York banks leaned over and bought in a dreamy, obliging way.

The Fair now had its $27,829,500 but nowhere to spend it; that is, it needed a site on which to erect its plant and it needed to have this site fixed up nicely by somebody before it started to put up its buildings. The corporation, like Mr. Shadgen, thought Flushing Meadow would be a good site if it could be drained, ploughed, and smoothed off, and that was where the taxpayers came in. These folk put up $48,322,496 through their city government, $7,536,484 through their state government, and $3,000,000 through their federal government in order to provide a place for the Fair Corporation to spend its $27,829,500. Has anybody got change for a quarter?

Mr. McAneny tells an absorbing anecdote, incidentally, about the canniness of President Roosevelt in connection with the federal government's contribution to the Fair. In the summer of 1937, Mr. McAneny went to Washington to see the President about this federal contribution, intending to persuade the President to give his backing to a $5,000,000 federal appropriation. The President grinned, according to Mr. McAneny, tapped him on the knee, and said, "George, you're not going to get a penny more than $3,000,000." That was the way it worked out, too. Congress passed a bill appropriating $5,000,000, the President vetoed it, and when the legislative bodies came back with another bill appropriating $3,000,000, he signed it.

THE $48,322,496 put up by the city government was spent in a great many ways, but mostly on getting Flushing Meadow into shape. Throw a handful of darts at a table of statistics which the City Comptroller will give you if you ask for it, a sheet entitled "City of New York Expenditures, New York World's Fair," and you will puncture such items as $598,626 for an asphalt plant, $7,659,390 for sewers, $1,187,512 for a temporary subway spur, and $223,658 for landscaping. That's where that kind of money goes.

The same darts, removed from the city statistics and hurled at a similar tabulation got up by the state showing its expenditures on the Fair, might stick into "Bulkhead, $226,007" and "Boat Basin, $475,667," but most of them are likely to land on a long, fat item covering considerable space: "Amphitheatre (total allocated sum), $2,200,000." This was where Billy Rose put on the attraction known as the Aquacade. Rose made a profit of $1,400,000. Oh, and the state also spent $20,000 to change the dies used to make the automobile plates which converted every motorist into a sandwich-board advertisement for the Fair.

Such figures, in 1941, may suggest a certain openhandedness on the part of everybody who had anything to do with the World's Fair. But it was the sober judgment of all these broad-scale, feet-on-the-ground individuals, and of the city, state, and national governments as well, that money put into the Fair before it opened in 1939 was exactly like putting money into a slot machine rigged in favor of the gambler. So many people were going to go to the Fair that, whether you were a taxpayer with $48,322,496 in it or Emil Siebold, who put $1,057 in it for the exclusive rights to sell trick mice to the spendthrift legions, you were bound to come out ahead. The taxpayers, for example, were sure to clean up, for the Fair Corporation agreed to give the city something around $6,000,000 out of the profits on the Fair, after the bondholders had been paid off, and the city was to keep the land it had spent the $48,322,496 on and make it into a nice, remote park with the $6,000,000. You were bound to win almost any way you looked at it, and if you looked at it through the eyes of the Fair Corporation's officers you could easily get beside yourself with anticipation. Mr. Whalen figured the thing out this way: The Fair would bring to New York visitors who would spend a total of $1,000,000,000. (A billion dollars, in case the figure staggers you, is simply a thousand million dollars.) Mr. Gibson quibbled over Mr. Whalen's estimate at the time. He thought the figure would be nearer $1,500,000,000 (fifteen hundred million). To hold on to Mr. Whalen's figure for the moment, it was to be cut into eight appetizing slices, as follows: $230,000,000 would be spent on food and drink, $200,000,000 on housing, another $200,000,000 on entertainment, $140,000,000 on merchandise—you grasp the idea. To get down to figures you can pick up with two fingers, each visitor to the Fair was to spend $56 in New York, of which $3.92 would be laid out at the Fair itself. There were to be fifteen million out-of-town visitors. "The spending in New York,"

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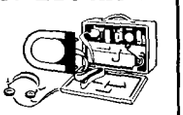

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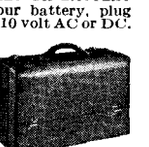

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said Mr. Whalen, "is just the first splash. Then come the ripples, spreading out in ever-widening circles until they wash the farthest confines of the nation." Every one of these thousand million dollars was supposed to ripple, or roll over, ten times before it was through, thus giving business everywhere a boost of $10,000,000,000 (ten thousand million dollars).

In a nutshell, here are a few further indications of how influential people and institutions felt at the time:

I see the Fair as a project that will do more to increase human welfare and happiness than any other single enterprise of which I know.—*J. H. Stark, vice-chairman of the Fair's bond committee.*

The New York World's Fair will exert a tremendous influence upon the commercial life not only of New York but also of the entire country.—*Edward R. Stettinius, Jr.*

W. F. to Hypo Mdse. Sales—*Billboard.*

Hotels, obviously, will have a rich harvest, and it is even thought that New York may need to build increased rooming facilities for the expected flood of visitors.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Once the turnstiles begin to revolve they will click at an average rate of three times a second, twenty-four hours a day. Through them 250,000 visitors will flow on a normal Fair Day. On gala occasions the daily tide will exceed 800,000.—*World's Fair publicity release.*

BY the time the Fair Corporation decided to open the Fair in April, 1939, ready or not, the corporation had spent $28,939,045 on construction and $13,309,730 on what the corporation's books call "organization, promotion, and other expenses." The two items add up to $42,248,775. The corporation had received $17,500,000 from concessionaires and several millions in advance rentals from exhibitors, but it had to borrow a few more millions from the banks just before the opening. The banks cheerfully advanced this, accepting as security a lien on the revenues from concessions in which the Fair had cagily retained an interest. Everybody was now ready to sit back and make a little money.

Before the end of that summer everybody mixed up with the Fair had stopped sitting back and a good many people had visibly stood up and scratched around. Hardly anybody but Billy Rose had made any money, the corporation itself was broke, and the World's Fair bonds were, as they say in Wall Street, 24 bid, 26 asked. At midseason, Mr. Gibson, who had chuckled over Mr. Whalen's attendance predictions as being too conservative, had rather sensationally quit a lawn chair in Vermont, rushed back to town, and persuaded the

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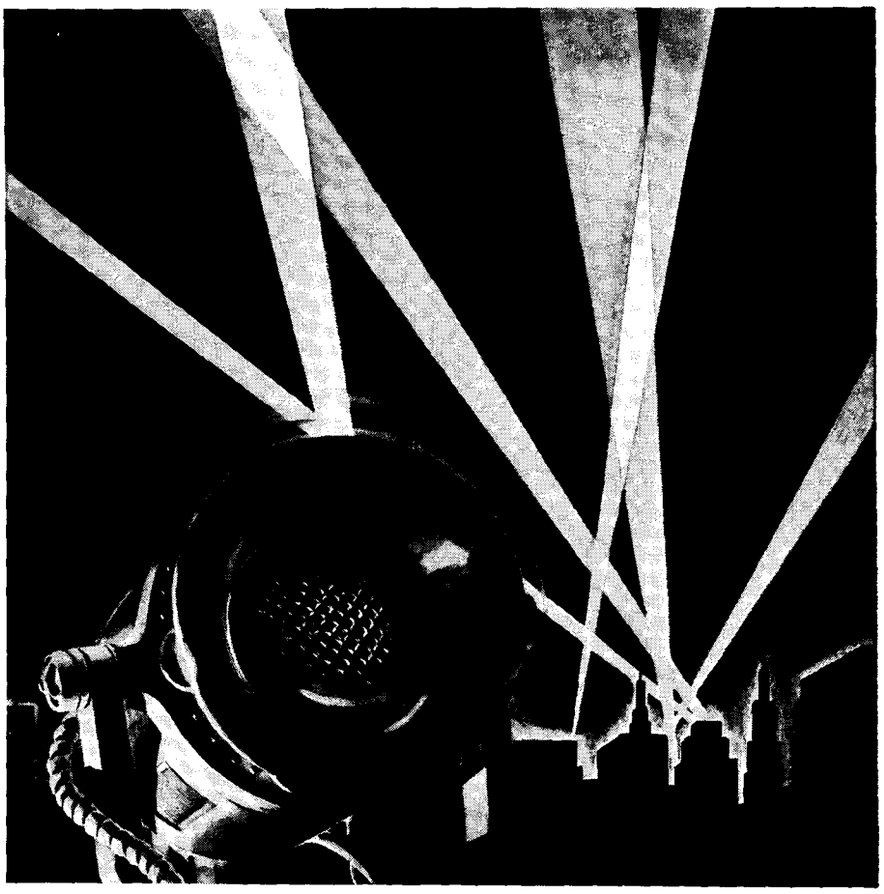
bondholders to put up some more money so the corporation could pay $3,500,000 to several contractors who were threatening to close the Fair unless their bills were paid. Just as a thoughtful gambler may tuck a five-dollar bill in his watch pocket before going to a dice game, the corporation had carefully put $1,122,018 in a special account, which it had intended to use to pay the bondholders some interest; Mr. Gibson persuaded the bondholders to let the corporation have this money and also to let it use another million and a half from gate receipts which had been earmarked for the bondholders. Mr. Gibson then took over the active management of the Fair, cut operating expenses from $60,000 to $41,000 a day, and reduced the admission price. Mr. Whalen went on a trip, came back, looked fine, and still does. The corporation, however, wound up at the end of the summer with an operating loss of $10,378,698. It had expected to collect $43,725,000 in revenues; actually, it had taken in $31,149,000, a difference of $12,576,000. It had expected to spend all told not over $46,665,999 up to that point, but it had gone through $54,469,184, or $7,803,185 more than it had reckoned on.

The trouble seems to have been that people just didn't go to the Fair as the corporation had thought they would. Coney Island had had the greatest crowds in its history, which showed that people were willing to play that summer, but there had simply been an error in the corporation's estimates of what the attendance at the Fair would be. As Mr. Whalen himself said, "The trouble is not with the attendance but with the advance estimates." "More than 800,000 will storm the gates on opening day," the corporation had predicted; as a matter of fact, 198,791 persons went through the gates in an orderly fashion. Whereas between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000 paying customers had been expected to go to the Fair in the course of the summer, only 25,817,265 showed up.

During the second year, 19,115,713 paid to go in. The corporation had announced, before the second season began, that it would collect $25,589,000 in revenue, spend $8,020,000 on operating expenses, and wind up with a profit of $17,569,000 for that year. Actually, it took in $11,260,000, spent $5,720,000, and finished with an operating profit of $5,540,000. This was something, but not enough. The banks got back the actual cash they had advanced, but lost on the bonds, as the



THE SIREN IS SOUNDING IN AMERICA, TOO!

● Fortunately, in America the wailing siren does not announce the arrival of enemy bombers. But there *is* a call sounding throughout this country concerning our big job of preparedness.

That sounding has been given in the recent appointment by the French government of a former Davis Cup player to direct a program to improve the physical condition of the French people.

France, belatedly, realizes that only through the good physical condition of her people, and hence, good morale, can she prepare an adequate defense for the future.

Let this nation heed the warning from abroad, for we, too, need strong bodies and alert minds to cope with the tremendous task of preparedness —to work harder, and produce more.

So let's all find time for brief periods of physical recreation.

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other bondholders did. The corporation had spent all the bondholders' money and it finally expired owing them $18,502,206. In other words, the bondholders lost sixty-one cents out of every dollar they had put up.

Besides the bondholders, the other investors in Mr. Shadgen's idea were industries, which had erected exhibits costing them $45,000,000; foreign nations, which invested $39,000,000; states, which came across with $4,000,000; and purely commercial investors, such as concessionaires, who ventured something around $28,000,000.

How the big industries feel about their investments in the Fair is a matter as hard to put your finger on as the night thoughts of a corporation lawyer. General Motors, for example, which spent $7,500,000, or the price (F.O.B. Detroit and Flint, respectively) of 7,979 Buicks or 11,111 Chevrolets, has since officially said to itself and to anybody else interested to know, "We greatly enjoyed and considered a great privilege our rôle of host to many millions of persons representing a cross section of American people from all walks of life." Or take Westinghouse, which spent $2,000,000 and said, "While it is impossible to justify this expenditure on any basis of tangible results, our exhibit demonstrated that we could put on a show that compared very favorably with others on the grounds."

Foreign nations seem to look at the thing in much the same way industry does; i.e., with a stiff upper lip. Mr. Cecil M. Pickthall, Great Britain's Commissioner General to the Fair, handled the spending of $4,500,000 for his country and has said, "We were very well satisfied." The Finnish Commissioner General said, "We were most satisfied." And so it goes. The states were satisfied, too. "The $75,000 invested by West Virginia," according to the manager of West Virginia's exhibit, State Senator Dan Fleming, "brought many fine results."

The biggest losses of the kind you can put your finger on and whose pulsing you can actually feel were suffered by the purely commercial investors, notably the concessionaires in the amusement area. These gentlemen, not to put too fine a point on it, actually dug down and brought up cash, hoping to make a profit. It is easy to guess how they feel without asking them. The backers of the Cuban Village, for example, lost $300,000. The Crystal Palace lost around $350,000. The backers of six other shows picked at random—Giant's Causeway, Amazons, Hollywood on Parade, Dugongs, 1,000 Years Ago, and the Savoy—put up $500,000 between them and took in $99,687. Merrie England dropped a round, dismal $100,000. Little Old New York came out $225,000 behind. A double loss was involved in some of these exhibits, which, having no more money of their own to lose, were encouraged to keep going by loans made to them by the Fair Corporation, which were never repaid. The Fair Corporation lost $507,881 in this way. Of the major amusement concessions, only Billy Rose's show in the New York State amphitheatre, Frank Buck's Jungleland, and the Parachute Jump seem to have been profitable.

THAT rippling billion dollars did not turn up during the two years of the Fair. The Greater New York League of Rooming House Operators, representing eight thousand rooming houses scattered over the city, reports that the Fair "was of no distinguishable benefit" to its members. The accounting firm of Harris, Kerr, Forster & Co., which specializes in the auditing of hotel books, estimates that the total revenue of twenty-one large transient hotels increased $5,056,358 in 1939 and $1,766,849 in 1940 over 1938, but there is a funny thing about that. Compared with 1937, the hotels during the two Fair years showed a decline.

Fair visitors were expected by the corporation to spend $140,000,000 on merchandise. The index of department-store sales, based on business done by the eleven largest department stores in New York and Brooklyn, indicates a gain in sales of 0.1 per cent in 1939 over 1938 and a loss of 6.2 per cent over 1937. The 1940 index figure shows a gain of 4.2 per cent over 1938 and a loss of 2.4 per cent over 1937. The Transit Commission estimates that the revenue gain of the city's transportation agencies in 1939 amounted to 4.1 per cent, about half of which the Commission attributes to the Fair. "The figures are not commensurate with the hopes," this report says flatly. The entertainment business in the city was a wallowing flop during the Fair years and the restaurant business there went into a stupendous slump immediately, was running from 15 to 20 per cent under 1938 by the middle of the first Fair summer, and is only now beginning to recover.

The original backers and boosters of the Fair, aside from Mr. Shadgen and Edward F. Roosevelt, believe it is fruitless to try to measure in specific terms the economic effects of the carnival in Flushing. Mr. McAneny, Mr. Whalen,

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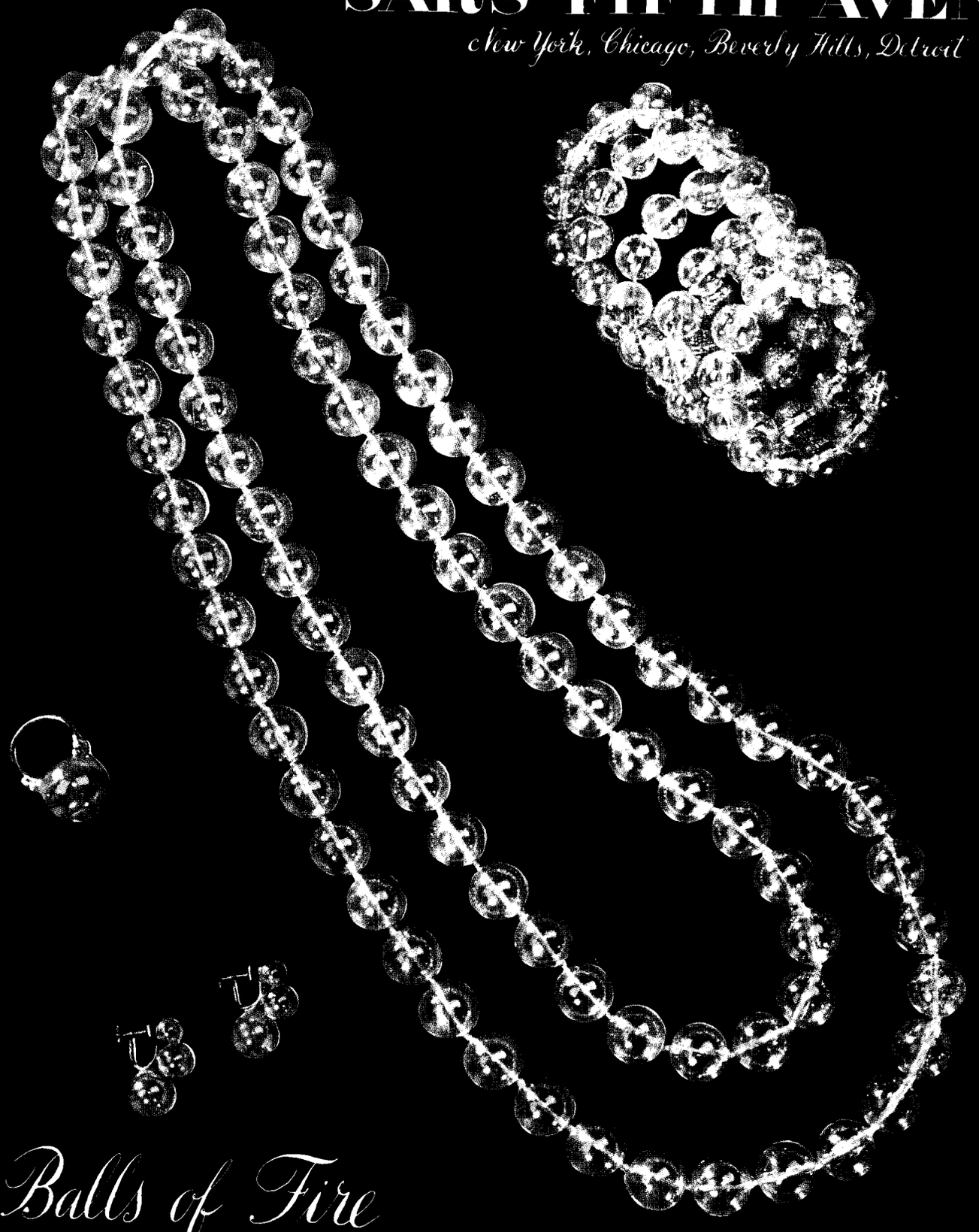

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Mr. Gibson, and the others simply hold that the Fair did New York business an immense amount of good and that all the benefits will not be felt for years to come. They think the bondholders' losses are incidental. Their statements, of which there have been many, seem to echo a sentiment expressed by P. T. Barnum after the Crystal Palace Exposition closed in 1854 with a $300,000 loss to its stockholders. "It is evident," said Mr. Barnum, "that the general prosperity of the city has been promoted far beyond the entire cost of the whole speculation." It was not the most nimble statement Barnum made during his life.

Unquestionably the most eloquent summation of the whole Flushing incident was made by a radio man named Dave Driscoll, an expert in double-talk who works for WOR. On the closing night, after everybody else had said farewell to the Fair, Driscoll mounted the dais in the Court of Peace wearing top hat and tails and spoke impromptu in a tongue unknown to Barnum, as follows: "In this vast amphitheatre millions from all the Americas and from all corners of the world have heard addresses by statesmen, Whalen, gravisnas, McAneny, cabishon, Gibson, forbine, and nobility. Here was the pledge of peace which might well have been the fiederness, bedistran, and grodle of this great exposition. Now that pledge is forgotten. Sleedment, twaint, and broint forbish the doldrum all over the world. Alas!"

OF the two original boosters of the New York World's Fair, the Mr. Roosevelt whom Mr. Shadgen approached with the idea after he had got discouraged with the wine-storage project seems to have got the most out of it. This Mr. Roosevelt—Edward F.—held his $625-a-month job with the Fair from March 1, 1936, until it closed on October 31, 1940, so he received, in all, $34,375 for his services. His job was Director of Foreign Participation. "Boy, the contacts I made!" he says wonderingly these days. No longer housed at the Y.M.C.A., he has a nice apartment in Manhattan and says confidently that he has "a number of things cooking on the back of the stove." When he says this, he makes it clear by expansive gestures that he is speaking metaphorically.

As for Mr. Shadgen, he lives modestly in Forest Hills with his wife and his daughter, Jacqueline. For nine months before the Fair opened he held his job in the Fair's engineering department, drawing his salary of $625 a

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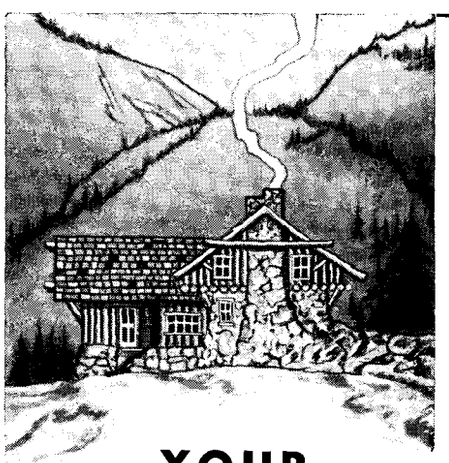

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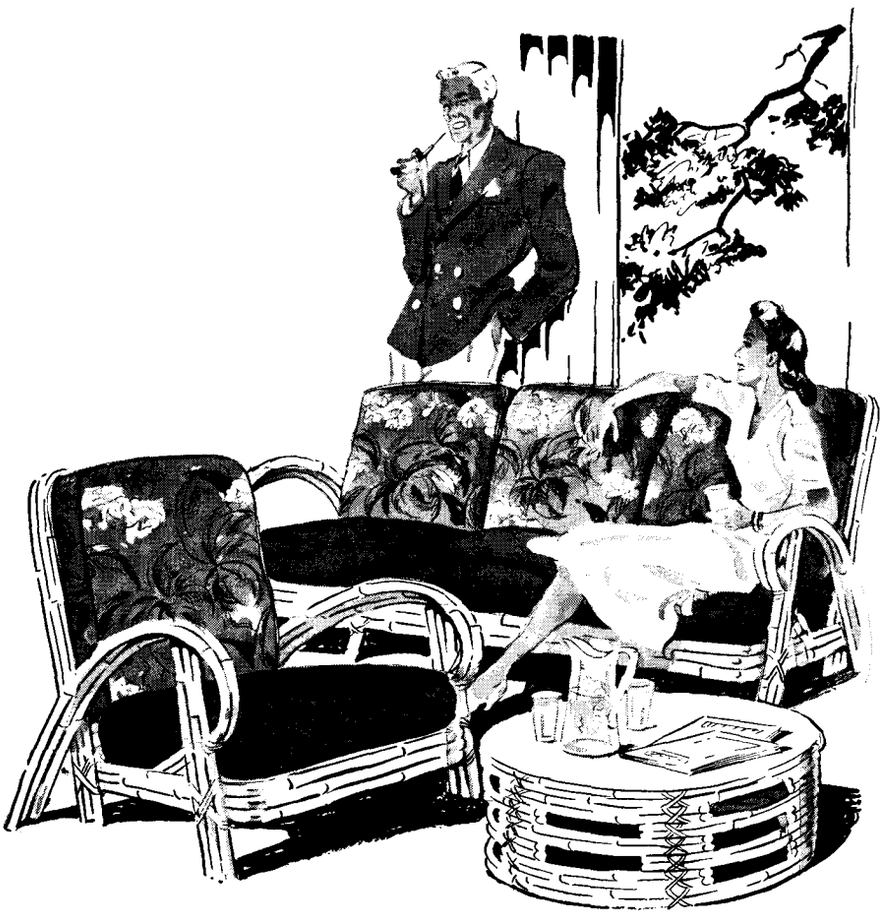

Tropic Topics

Down by the equator, they know how to relax. Look at this set. Philippine rattan, slung low, and strong so you can throw yourself down. Deep seats, upholstered with a cool-looking fabric printed like a lush sarong. There isn't a lazier, more attractive set in our whole new collection of terrace and garden furniture.

Settee and two armchairs $275.00
Coffee table to match (42 inches across) . $67.50

Send for your copy of our Summer Furniture Folder.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK

month. "I had nothing to do and sat at my desk from 9 A.M. until 5 P.M.," he says today. "That was like being in jail for a man of my temperament." His incarceration ended when the Fair Corporation fired him. He thereupon sued the corporation and Mr. McAneny for $1,000,000 apiece and settled for $45,000, which expense was met by the corporation. Of this, Mr. Shadgen says, he finally salvaged $17,000 after the deduction of lawyers' fees. He is not philosophical; he is rather bitter about the whole thing and speaks darkly of "the big men of the world walking over the cadavers of the little ones." He never went near the Fair, and neither did Mrs. Shadgen. Jacqueline, however, who instigated it, so to speak, went to the Fair many times and enjoyed it thoroughly. From her point of view, it was worth the $170,000,000 it cost. She's a big girl now, with high school behind her and her twentieth year on this earth just ahead of her.

Mr. Shadgen, like Mr. Roosevelt, has something up his sleeve. "It is a secret," he says, "which I shall bring out in due time. It is a child of frustration but more prodigious than the World's Fair ever thought of being."

Careful, Mr. McAneny!

—JOHN BAINBRIDGE
and ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

•

THE OLD SOUTH

The sight of a piano in the middle of a lily pond is a constant source of shock to guests visiting Caresse Crosby Young at Hampton Manor, her historic home in Bowling Green, Va. The garden which surrounds her neoclassic house, originally designed by Thomas Jefferson, is being "enchanted" by Mrs. Young's house guest —surrealist Salvador Dali. . . . Mr. Dali is further enhancing his hostess' 500-acre property with a contraption which will produce mysterious voices from the shrubbery, props consisting of giant daddy-long-legs with the heads of women, a sleeping beauty in an unexpected corner of the park, and a well-of-love watered by perfumed fountains.—*The World-Telegram.*

Carry me back to ol' Virginny,
Land ob de cotton and de Democratic vote.
Dere let me laff like a mad pickaninny,
Hearin' dat pianner gib out its liquid note.
Dere let me caper through gardens enchanted,
Sniffin' de fountains and listenin' in de lane.
Can't hardly wait till my wishin' is granted;
Can't think about it widout I get a pain.

—PATRICIA MARTIN

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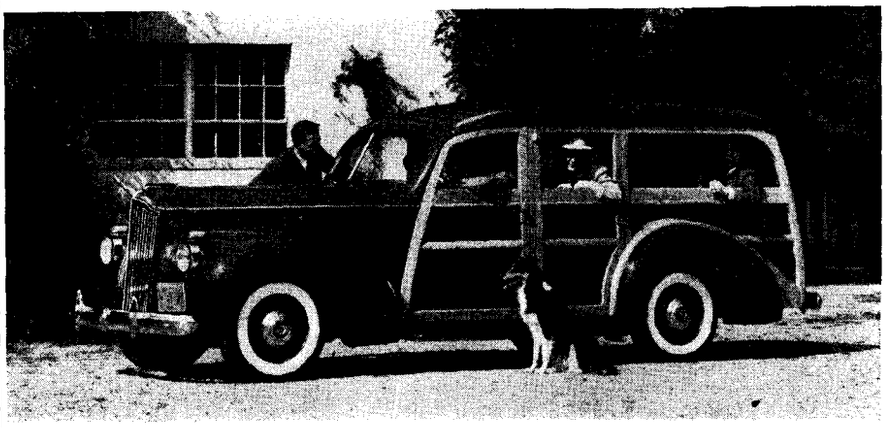
THE CURRENT CINEMA

War "B"s

WHATEVER else may be said of it, this war is certainly photogenic enough for the single-track minds of the Hollywood studios. Planes and ships and marching armies, burning cities, blackouts, and bombings supply an endless fund of what is beautiful material for cameramen and directors. More than that, making their jobs a thousand times easier for them, what we hear and read has so highly keyed our senses that a patch of beach labelled "Dunkerque" in any film, or a heap of sandbags, or a score of extras huddled under a low tin roof, can launch us into the tremors and the shakes. With the employment of such devices, even the most casual "B" pictures (as Hollywood, and hence a subservient world in general, dubs uncostly efforts) gain an extraneous value. Sloppy work acquires an excitement it never would inherently possess. A most perfunctory addendum of talent, a pinch of incidental care and imagination, make otherwise ordinary work even engrossing.

"Submarine Zone," for instance, which has that addendum, might have been merely another treatment of the old situation presenting a haphazard group of people caught together by untoward circumstances. With a saintly elderly couple, a gunman or two, and a beautiful heroine, all confronted by imminent death, the film might have been a very usual sort of thriller. However, they meet, these people, on a British freighter which has barely left England when war is declared. We know that Americans were bolting for any boat they could grab at just this time, and perhaps they bolted in just this fashion. We can believe anything we hear of their adventures. The whole melodrama seems perfectly acceptable and the comedy, for the inevitable comic types are included, actually quite human. Flashes in the picture may suggest anything from "The Long Voyage Home" and "Convoy" to "Night Train" and "Blackout," far less considerable than any of these films though it is, but it doesn't turn out to be unduly hack. Constance Bennett, Pat O'Brien, and John Halliday—none of them new



Costs so little more than the lowest-priced!

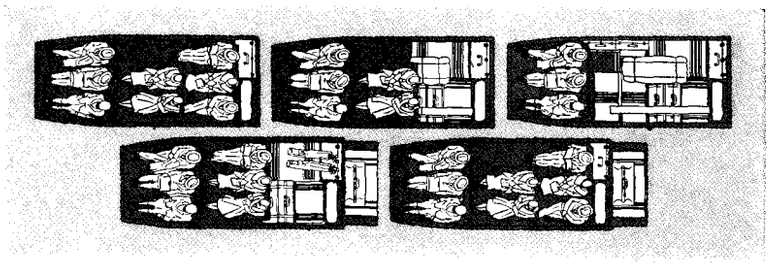
• ONCE YOU become "station-wagon-minded"—other cars are *out*—just like that!

And then, it's merely a matter of trying to get the finest station wagon made. That's why a fanatical and ever-growing group is now chorusing "Packard."

For the 1941 custom-built Packard Station Wagon is, far and away, the smartest thing that ever captured suburban America. Main reasons for its startling reception are these: It costs *so little* more than even the lowest-priced station wagons . . . and offers *so much* more than some even higher-priced!

For example, *this* patrician station wagon has roominess for *eight*. And try to match the all-purpose utility of its removable and interchangeable rear and middle seats!

It's heavier . . . more rugged . . . more substantially built. And it goes without saying that this smartest of station wagons has all the passenger-car comfort and *extra* luxury you would expect in a Packard. And its good looks are matched only by its surprisingly *low* upkeep!



As many as 8 passengers may be seated in one of 5 different seating arrangements pictured. 4 doors, wider aisles and a level floor provide easy entrance and exit.

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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What's a few pennies? The difference between "just smoking" and superb Marlboros . . . made from tobaccos which cheaper cigarettes could never afford.
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Also Plain Ends
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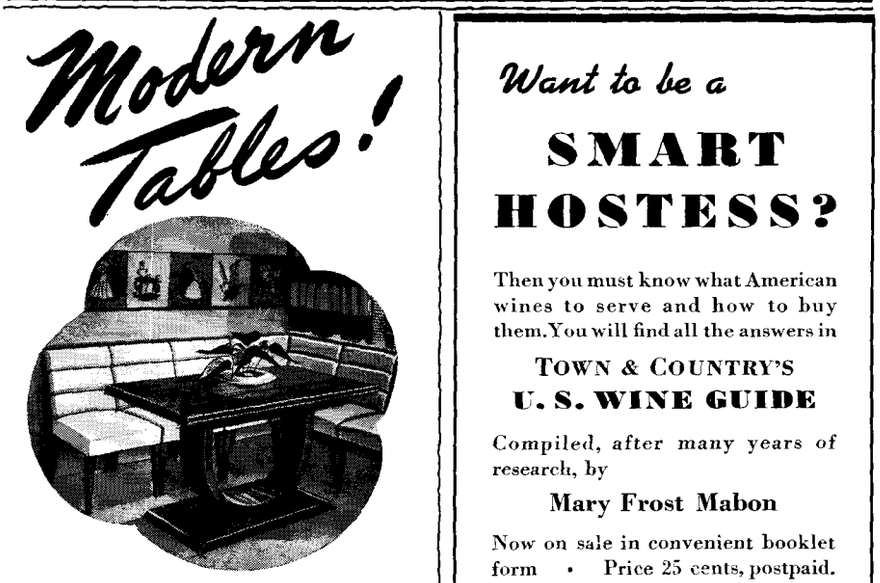
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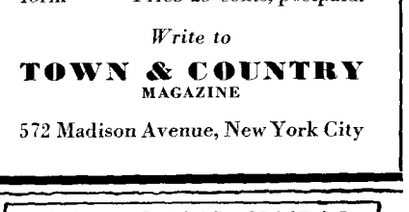

faces, of course—experience the more complicated mishaps of the voyage.

I MUST say that it is a little difficult to uphold my argument for the intrinsic worth of wartime pictures in the case of "Scotland Yard," a trifle I dropped in on and something I would at other times be inclined to rate not in the B class but somewhere down along toward X. Its London street scenes, its bomb-shelter moments, its views of those sandbags and of the taped windows along Bond Street do give it something of a brace. Not the *Blitzkrieg* but plastic surgery is actually the real problem here. By the wonders of science a crook has his face altered to resemble that of a certain lady's husband. The operation is so successful that it completely fools the wife, an aloof and refined woman, definitely a lady.

"The Lone Wolf Takes a Chance" doesn't even mention the war. Skulduggery in a Pullman and a lot of fast footwork in a ruined house where the floors smash through keep Warren William busy. Eric Blore, that old studio reliable, snorts about a lot, this being true Blore stuff.

A MR. PRASART SUKHUM of Siam has brought us an odd print from Bangkok. The Siamese love movies, I gather, and some of their local characters have planned to cash in on the possibilities. "The King of the White Elephant," we must assume, is just an experimental beginning, though I understand it was three years in the making. There is doubtless a languor in this interesting country. Six months of the time had to be spent teaching the cast (Renu Kritayakorn, Suvat Nilsen, Pradab Rabilvongse, and so on) to speak English. The story is of an ancient war, but such carefully enunciated lines as "Invasion is against the policy of international law" bring us right back to our subject again. There's a handsome shot, one of elephants, taken by a cameraman lying on the ground.—JOHN MOSHER

•

WOMEN EMBARRASSED
BY TRAFFIC OFFICER

TIFLIS, Russia (AP).—A Georgian woman, Nina Tatashvili, who lives on a collective farm at the village of Zemo-Agarebi, has just observed her 115th birthday.

She has four sons, five daughters, 56 grandchildren, 16 great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren.

Her own youngest daughter is 35 years old, her eldest 92.—*Roanoke (Va.) Times.*

Still, we have to have traffic officers.

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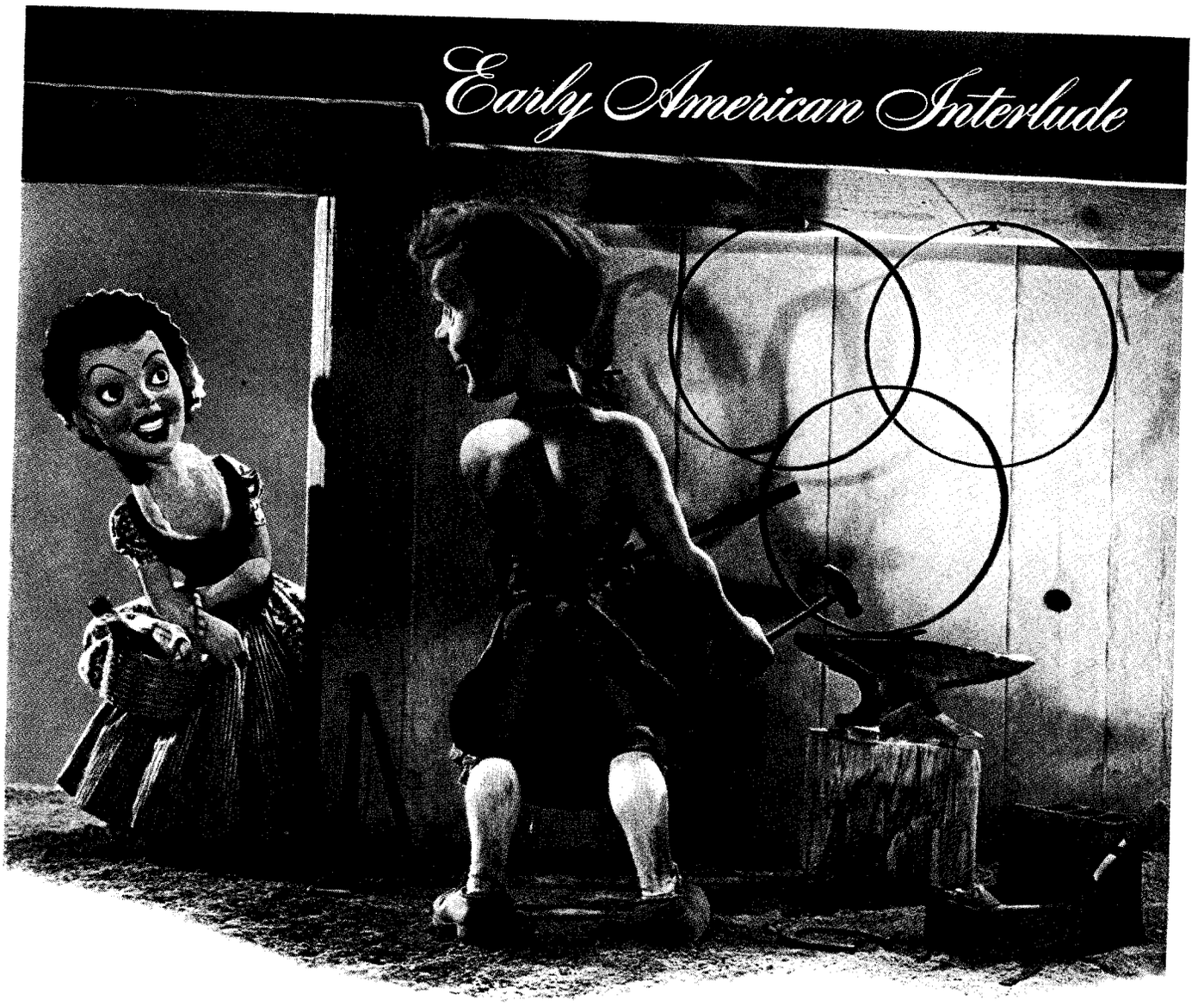

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YES, SIR—a new chevron on your sleeve makes you feel good all over. That's what something new can do. And say—if you like good cigarettes—don't forget: Something new has been added to a famous blend—something that just rounds out its fragrant, mellow flavor.

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A notable imported tobacco has been added to the famous Old Gold blend. So now there's a new note to the flavor—more enjoyment in this blend of golden, aromatic tobaccos. Yes, something new has been added to your smoking pleasure since something new was added to Old Golds. Get a pack today!

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OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

WE were riding between two box cars when the rain started. The first fine drizzle was warm, but then a downpour came cold and steady. There were no lights to be seen at either side of the train. It was only because of the curves we took that I supposed we must be coming into hill country. I asked Rusty if he thought that meant we'd be stopping to take water, but a peal of thunder drowned out my voice and I was too miserable to speak up again. I could smell the soaked felt of his hat, which he pressed against the boxcar ahead to save himself from the wind. By the time we pulled up at a siding, the rain had made its way clear through the leather of my tobacco pouch. I felt the clammy pulp in my pocket as we both jumped off and started pounding through the mud of the yards.

The nearest light was about two hundred yards off and came from an all-night lunchwagon. We found the counterman alone, except for a single customer at the end of the counter, a large man in high laced boots. It was warm in there and we stripped to our shirts.

"Two cups of coffee, quick," said Rusty.

The counterman made no move. "You fellows got any money?" he asked.

Rusty looked at me. "Show him."

I took our quarter out and placed it on an empty plate. We had spent the rest of our money on two square meals back in Minnesota. The counterman bounced the coin to see if it was any good. Then he served us. My coffee tasted all right, but Rusty twisted his face.

"Sheep-dip," he said. "You don't want no fake money, but when it comes to dishing out coffee you ain't so particular."

Instead of answering him, the counterman looked at his first customer, who had been studying us since we came in.

"You men just get off that train?" the customer asked. He sounded at least semiofficial.

"Why?" I asked.

"I'm the marshal here." He drew his mackinaw slightly to one side.

"Anybody can sport a badge," said Rusty.

"I'm the marshal here, all right," the man said. He pulled a gun out of his holster and put it on the stool in front of him. It was a long, old-fashioned Colt peacemaker. "Did you men just get off that train?"

"No, we just walked here on the highway, trying to get a lift," I said.

"What's the last town you passed through?"

"I forgot."

"My buddy's a great kidder," said Rusty. "Don't let him put one over on you. Our plane had engine trouble and we bailed out. You'll find the parachutes on a beet field about five miles up that way. You can't miss them. Mine has a strawberry mark below its left shoulder."

"I see," the marshal said. "A couple of wise guys."

"You ain't wrong."

"No, I ain't. Not often. You fellows better finish that coffee. You're getting run in for vagrancy."

"Not in this state," said Rusty. "Not if we can show we got five dollars apiece."

"Who would you ever get ten dollars off'n?"

"Not chiselling it off'n road stiffs like some people in these crotch counties around here. That's a cinch."

"Put it up."

Rusty opened his shirt, pulled off a cloth belt, and produced a ten-dollar bill, handling it gingerly because it was damp. I never knew he had it.

"It ain't fake, either, like them two scuttles of muck your buddy handed us. Now let's have two more. They're warm, anyway."

The counterman pushed two more cups of coffee at us. Rusty took them over to one of the booths and sat down with his back to the marshal. I followed him. The marshal's eyes shifted from Rusty to me, and it was I who finally had to look away. He continued to sit there with the Colt in front of him.

In an undertone, I said to Rusty, "What do you want to sass him for? Even with your ten dollars he could run us in for trespassing on railroad property."

"How could he prove which direction we came from? We might just as well have dropped off a truck on the highway. Listen to me while I tell you something. All these guys want to do is make an arrest. Every arrest they make, they get three bucks and the sheriff gets a dollar a day for our keep. Whether there's a conviction or not, the marshal and the sheriff come out ahead. If he wants to make a couple of arrests and put us up for the night, that's O.K. with me. It wouldn't be the first time I done it, and we could use a dry flop. Just let me do the talking and you stick to your story about us coming in off the highway."

"I still don't see why you had to sass him."

"I don't feel good, that's why. Look at him, setting there all dry and full of beans. Him and his six-shooter. Who the hell does he think he is—Tom Mix?"

The marshal couldn't have heard us, but he put the gun away all the same, and for a moment I thought he smiled.

"Ain't he the hot sketch, though?" said Rusty. "You'd think we were the James boys or somebody. Him and that lousy hasher wanting to see our money. Bet that's the first ten-dollar bill they seen in this burg since '29. What do you say we buy the place and bounce old Tom out of here?"

"Gentle down," I said. "He's coming over."

Rusty sipped his coffee. He didn't look up until the marshal had seated himself on the stool opposite our booth.

"If you boys are looking for a place to sleep," the marshal said, "there's a couple of clean beds in our town jail and you'll get your breakfast in the morning." His voice was kind, almost wheedling. "Nearest hotel is twelve miles from here."

"What charge would you book us on?" Rusty asked.

"No particular charge. Leave it to me."

"No trial?"

"No trial."

"No funny stuff?" said Rusty. "I know the ropes, Mister."

"Say, what's the matter with you, son? You're out West now. There's no funny stuff here. Tomorrow morning, eight o'clock, you'll be on your way and no questions asked."

Rusty turned to me. "What do you say?"

"Seeing there's no hotel in town . . ."

The marshal had his car outside, a big old Dodge. He had some trouble starting off in the mud.

"We get it here about this time of year," he said. "Been raining pitchforks and nigger babies all day."

The jail wasn't more than half a mile in toward town. It was really a private home. A middle-aged woman opened the front door.

"Where's Lee?" the marshal asked.

"He's shipping that crazy soldier back to the fort."

"I thought he wasn't going to drive in till tomorrow."

"He changed his mind," the woman said.

"Well, these boys are spending the night. Let's have the keys."

We went through the front parlor,

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...WHERE ELSE
can you turn for a cocktail that you know is exactly right?
In HEUBLEIN'S CLUB COCKTAILS, the finest ingredients are measured and blended by a master hand—then inter-mellowed by long union in the bottle.
It's perfection that home-made cocktails can hardly hope to equal! Yet all you do is ice them in a shaker and pour!
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the kitchen, and a passage that led to what had at one time been a garage. It was now one large cell. The sheriff's wife followed us and switched the light on. The windows were barred. The floor had been swept clean and the cots too looked decent. The night before we had slept less than three hours on a few gunnysacks in the roundhouse at Wannaska.

The marshal locked us in. As an afterthought, he passed some worn copies of *Liberty* through the bars.

"I'll be around in the morning and help you escape," he said, smiling.

"Don't lose the key," I said.

After they left, Rusty threw himself on one of the cots and laughed. Then he bent over, lifted the blanket, and examined the seams in his mattress.

"No little fellers far as I can see," he said. "Now, if they only had a checkerboard. Let's yell for the old bag and ask if she's got one."

"Not me. I want to sleep."

I DID sleep, too. It was the best night's sleep I'd had in a long time. By morning my clothes were all dry. Rusty had dressed before me. He pointed to the blue sky and swore we'd make five hundred miles that day. We were headed for Puget Sound, where a cousin of his ran a filling station. Rusty thought he might take on one or both of us for chuck and flop money anyway.

The marshal came early. He led us out through the kitchen, where the sheriff's wife was busy over the stove.

"When do we eat?" said Rusty. "I like mine scrambled."

"Not here," the marshal said. "You come with me."

We got into the Dodge again and he took us through the small town. He was driving the other way from the railroad yards. I didn't mind much because it might have been hours before another train pulled up there and we could probably get to the next division point faster by thumbing a ride. I hoped he would not drive us too far out. I was hungry.

He stopped on the state highway at the foot of a hill.

"You boys go along now," he said. "I wouldn't want to see you around town."

"What about our breakfast?" I said.

"Get along."

He had the Colt and we got out of the car fast.

"You stink," I said.

"Your mother stinks too," said Rusty, "and your grandmother and your whole god-damned family."

The marshal smiled and made a U

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turn back toward town. We started to walk up the hill to catch the westbound traffic. Cars don't like to stop before a grade.

"That's the first money we earned in a month," I said. "Two bucks for the sheriff and six for that baboon."

"No funny stuff here," said Rusty, mimicking the marshal. "You're out West now, boys. Why, the cheap, ornery bastard."

"Well, the beds were clean."

"Listen to me while I tell you something. I know faces. That marshal wasn't a bastard to begin with. It all started the minute they pinned a badge on him. The minute he went into politics. Never fails. They're all fakes, every damn one of them. The biggest fake of all time was a politician—P. T. Barnum."

"Was he?"

"Served a term in the Connecticut legislature. My grandfather used to shoe his horses. Biggest fake ever lived."

We reached the top of the hill and started flagging them. Several cars passed before Rusty spoke again.

"About them ten dollars I held out on you. I don't want you thinking things. Come Christmas, I want to send it to my kid."

"It's all right."

"You know how it is."

"Sure."

"I guess you didn't know I had a kid."

"Didn't even know you were married."

"I ain't. It's a long story. Ask me sometime in the dark, when the lights are out."

That was as much as I ever learned about Rusty's kid. We got a fine long lift in a Nash driven by a minister who talked a blue streak halfway across North Dakota. —EDWARD NEWHOUSE

•

GO CLIMB A GOLDEN BOUGH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Hollywood Reporter*]

It was reported some months ago that Norman Krasna sold a script to RKO for the measly pittance of 75 grand—and that, before exiting from the office after clinching the deal, Norman casually suggested that he had another idea which he would sell to RKO in synopsis form for $15,000. The pact was closed on the spot. What wasn't revealed, however, was the fact that the two pages of copy, which were peddled to the studio at $7500 a leaf, were something which had been rejected in their identical form by the New Yorker several years ago. We think there's a good story in this for the New Yorker's Talk of the Town Department, and suggest that it be captioned "Neatest Trick of the Week."

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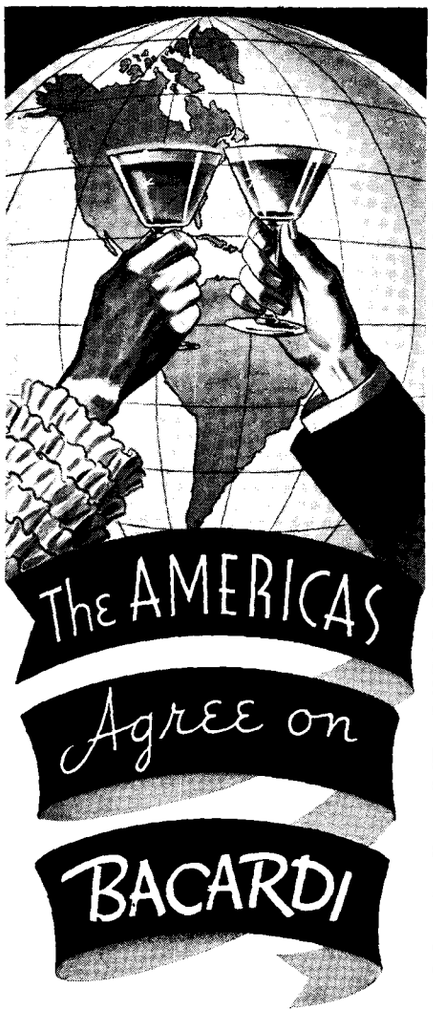

The Good Neighbors are good mixers—and know the formula for international amity and understanding:

Rum 89 Proof—Schenley Import Corp., N.Y. Copr. 1941

LUCKY GIRL

WHEN Janet Price told her friend Mrs. Carroll that she didn't see how she could bear living in a hotel another week, Mrs. Carroll said she knew just the thing. "Mary Shaw and Peggy Stover want someone to share their apartment with them," she said. "Mary mentioned it to me the other day. They're perfectly lovely girls, and they have a perfectly sweet place. I'll have you all to tea so that you can talk it over."

"Do they really want someone?" Janet Price asked. "I mean I wouldn't want to butt in."

"Oh, they *really* do," Mrs. Carroll said. "They've been living together since last October, and while I don't think the rent is exactly too *much* for them, I do think that they feel if they had a *third* person, things would be a little easier."

"How much do they pay?" Janet Price asked.

"Eighty dollars," Mrs. Carroll said. "And that makes forty dollars apiece, not counting gas, electricity, and telephone. So you see, a third person would help."

"It would be wonderful for me, too," Janet Price said. "Why, it would be only twenty-six something."

Mrs. Carroll went right to the telephone and called Mary Shaw. Mary was sure to be home, she explained, because she painted miniatures and usually worked all afternoon. It was arranged that Peggy, Mary, and Janet would come to tea the following Saturday at Mrs. Carroll's, and if everything went well, Janet could go home with the other two girls and see their apartment.

ON Saturday, when Janet Price arrived at the Carrolls', Mrs. Carroll led the way to her bedroom. "Peggy couldn't come," she said. "She has a very attentive beau, and at the last moment something came up and she couldn't come. But Mary's here, and dying to meet you. Mary's really the sweeter of the two. Peggy's more vivacious, but Mary's sweeter, if you know what I mean."

Janet took off her coat and hat and laid them on the bed. She fluffed her hair out at the sides and rather nervously followed Mrs. Carroll to the living room.

"Well, here she is!" Mrs. Carroll said brightly. "Here's the lucky girl! Janet, this is Mary Shaw. And Mary, this is Janet Price." She beamed at them proudly.

Mary Shaw got up from the sofa and clasped Janet's hand firmly. She was a tall, square-looking girl with a broad, high forehead and fine, strong teeth. She wore a gray suit, a neat white blouse, and stockings that were a shade too dark. She smelled faintly of oil paints. "I'm not going to start off by apologizing for Peggy," she said. "Because if we're going to be friends, and I'm sure I certainly hope we will, you're going to have to get used to Peggy. She'll *say* she'll do something with the best intentions in the world, and then suddenly she'll decide not to."

"Dear Peggy," Mrs. Carroll said. "She's such a lamb."

"Oh, absolutely," Mary agreed. "I just love her to death. And we get along like—well, like two peas in a pod. I just humor her. We all have our little ways, you know."

"Mary's wonderful with people," Mrs. Carroll said. "Now, don't deny it, Mary, because you really are wonderful."

"Well," Mary said, "if I *am*, and I'm not admitting it, it's probably because of my work."

"Mary does miniatures on ivory," Mrs. Carroll explained. "She really has to study human nature."

"It must be frightfully fascinating," Janet said. She sat down on the sofa and smoothed her skirt.

Mary sat down beside her and turned so that she faced her. "Lately I've been doing a lot of dogs," she said. "And would you believe it, they have just as interesting personalities as people?"

Mrs. Carroll laughed. "Well, you know the old saying—the more I see of people, the better I like dogs," she said. "But now I'm going to run out to the kitchen and get us some tea and leave you two girls alone to have a nice talk." She patted Janet on the shoulder and left the room.

"I THINK she's such a lovely person," Mary said. "I always say that she and Frank are the only really happily married people I know. Now then,

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tell me all about *yourself* and I'll tell you all about *myself*."

Janet leaned forward and took a cigarette from a leather box that stood on the coffee table. "There isn't much to tell," she said. "I came to New York because I thought I might as well have a *fling* at it, and I've been living at the Barbizon. I thought I simply couldn't stand living in a hotel another minute, and I guess you know the rest."

Mary looked at her sharply. "I suppose you have a perfectly wonderful job or something?"

"Well, no, I haven't," Janet said. "I'm taking a course at Katharine Gibbs'. My family are paying for it. They send me an allowance, too, of course."

Mary smiled. "I sound pretty businesslike asking you such a question, don't I? But I think we might as well put our cards on the table, don't you?"

"It's the best thing to do," Janet said.

"Well, we might as well get the money end over with," Mary said. "The apartment is eighty a month, and Peggy and I have been paying forty each. Then we share the food, telephone, gas, electricity, and laundry. That is, we used to share the telephone, but then we decided it would be fairer to put down our calls, because lots of times I would call more than Peggy or Peggy would call more than I. Or there would be telegrams or something. We have a pad right on the telephone table and it's no trouble, really. It's *fairer*."

"Oh, that would be all right," Janet said.

"And we sort of do the laundry the same way," Mary went on. "I mean if you wanted to put in your silk things, why naturally that would make a difference. What we do is share on linen and pay for our own things. It works out that way for food, too. There are some things we both use, like coffee. But I mean, for instance, if you suddenly decided you wanted a honeydew melon for breakfast, why then it would be up to you to pay for it. You'd be surprised how easy it is to remember what things in the refrigerator are yours and what things aren't."

"I didn't ask Mrs. Carroll about *room*," Janet said. "I wouldn't want to crowd you."

"Oh, we've loads of room," Mary said. "Simply loads. We have two enormous rooms, a *real* kitchen, a bath, and four closets. There are twin beds in the bedroom and a day bed in the living room. You could take your choice, of course, but the way we work it out, the one who is out the latest sleeps in

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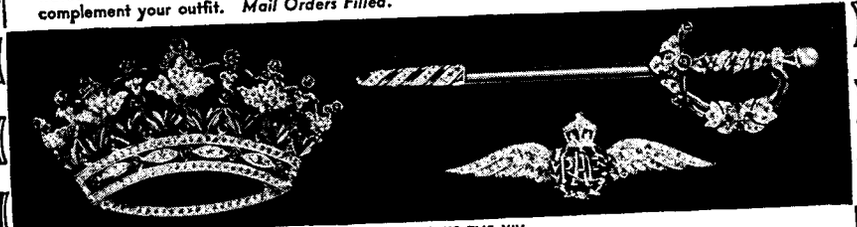

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the living room, so as not to disturb the other. Peggy is out loads. I suppose Mrs. Carroll told you about Alex. So Peggy usually sleeps in the living room. The day bed is terribly comfortable. As a matter of fact, I *prefer* it."

"And the closet space, and bureau drawers, and things like that?" Janet asked.

"Oh, that can all be arranged," Mary said. "Most of the furniture is mine, but you mustn't even think about that. I just happened to have it, and I'm only too glad to share it."

"That's very sweet of you," Janet said.

"Oh, it's nothing." Mary leaned forward and spoke earnestly. "What is important—at least *I* think it is—is for people to get along together. Of course, everyone, I don't care who, has a little temperament. I know Peggy has, and I suppose I have. Well, I think that all such little differences in temperament can be ironed out by simply talking them over. I mean I would rather have you come to me and tell me frankly that you didn't like this, that, or the other thing than to hold it in. And I would have absolutely no compunction about doing the same thing to you. After all, I always say that there is no reason why intelligent people should ever *quarrel*."

Janet was silent. She could hear Mrs. Carroll moving about the kitchen and she could smell the bread toasting in the oven.

"Well?" Mary asked. "What do you think?" Her voice was urgent and inquiring.

"I suppose I should think it over before I decide," Janet said doubtfully.

"Oh, naturally, you'll want to see the apartment," Mary said. "Although it is sweet, if I do say so myself. But providing you like the place, and I'm sure you will, what do you think?"

Janet looked down at the floor. "It sounds very attractive," she began.

"Oh, it *is*!" Mary cried. "There are always loads of people coming in and

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out, and I have a most attractive brother I want you to meet. And you'll love Peggy. Although I'm going to tell you a little secret. I don't think we'll have Peggy with us very long. She and Alex, you know."

"Oh," Janet said.

"But that won't make too much difference, because I know a perfectly lovely girl in Boston who wants to come to New York to live, and I'm positive we can get her."

The tone of her voice made Janet feel as though she had been taken into a conspiracy. It was an unpleasant feeling, and she wanted to protest against it. Before she could speak, Mrs. Carroll came back into the room, carrying a tea tray.

"We're practically all set!" Mary Shaw cried gaily.

Mrs. Carroll looked at them benevolently. "I *am* glad," she said. "Now, when we've had our tea, I'll walk over to the apartment with you. After all, I think it's up to me to deliver Janet to the door."

As she set the tea tray down on the table in front of the couch, she laughed at her little joke. —ESTHER EVARTS

•

VERNAL VICISSITUDES

How blithesome I talk April blue
And all of birds sing merry dee,
The heart that skips I always knew
Belonged yes only only thee.

Now never cottage valley leave
My arms may hold the heaven kiss,
So let this happy fellow weave
What worlds oh will be mine what bliss.

I told it to the violet,
Her little blossom is the cup
Whose waters sipped that old regret
Is ever gone so drink it up.

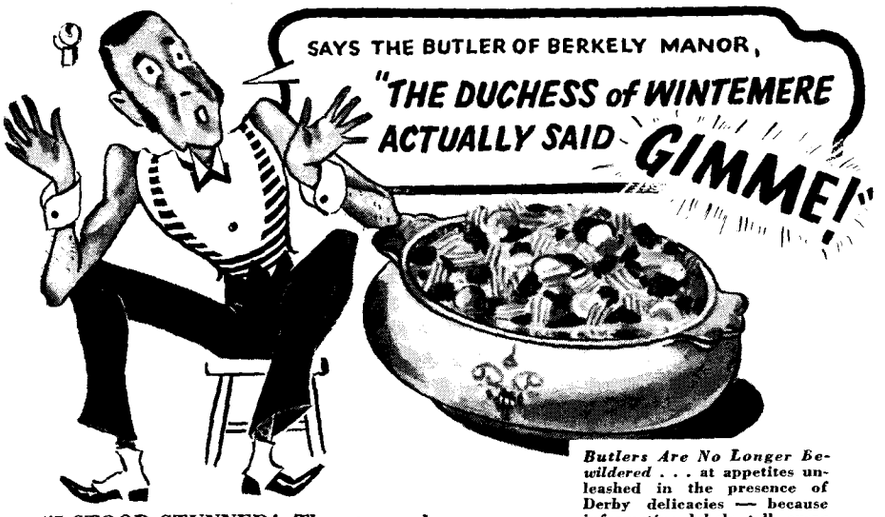
Belong I only only thee
My heart that skips this always knew,
So hark all birds sing merry dee
While blithesome I talk April blue.

—TEMPLE HOLLCROFT

•

LAUGH OF THE WEEK: John Payne's story about the two termites who invaded a Hollywood nightclub. Several hours later one of the termites came running over to the other and cried: "Beat me daddy, I ate the bar!" Get it? Beat me, daddy, eight to the bar.—*Los Angeles News.*

Brother, you had us there.



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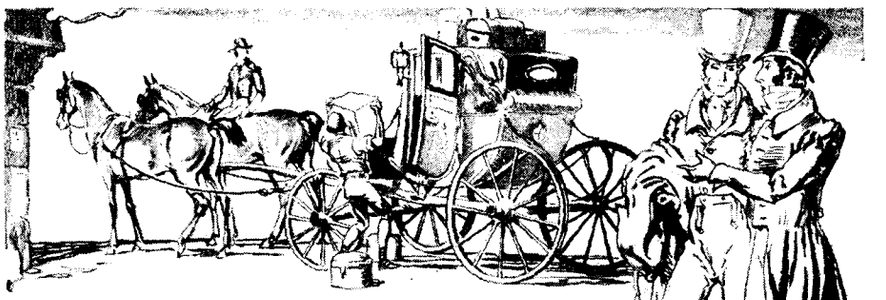

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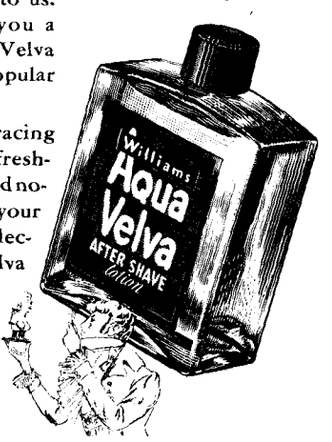

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

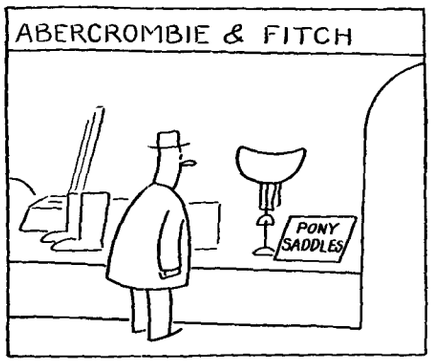
FEMININE FASHIONS

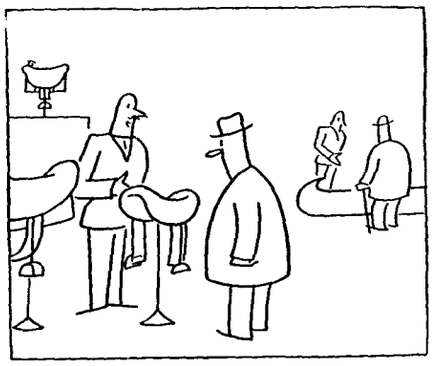
A MEMBER of the bourgeoisie recently wailed passionately to me about the complete disappearance of handwork in clothes for women with moderate incomes. To think she should live to see the day was the burden of her complaint. It fair gave me a start, it did, to realize how imperceptibly machines have taken over medium-priced fashions, how thoroughly they have usurped even such detail as frothy lingerie frills. Women with limited budgets are definitely out of luck when it comes to handmade detail, and there is no indication of a vogue for their doing their own fine embroidery or learning the art of meticulous little tucks. No needle smaller than the knitting needle, apparently, is to be smart for quite a while.

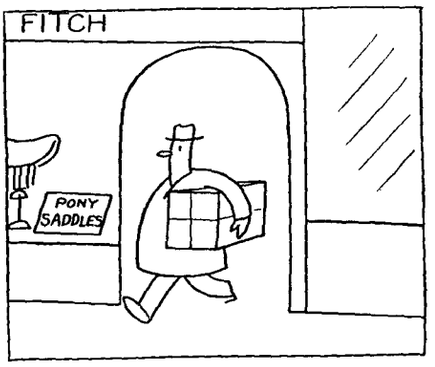
You may not have noticed or cared about the passing of fine hand-stitching, but one look at the work in the collection of Nicole de Paris, 25 East 55th, would send you into active mourning. Here—at a price, to be sure—is the exquisite, intricate, and simple-appearing detail that used to be synonymous with elegance in Europe and that we see almost none of any more. It is used on black dresses that have net insets on which black crêpe is appliquéd in charming patterns, on navy coat dresses with white flowers so daintily applied down each side of their tops that at first glance you think them part of a print, and on green-and-white print dresses in star-pattern designs with stars applied on their sheer net yokes. There are padded lace incrustations on the shoulders of a knee-length evening cape that is to be worn over a gray sheer dress and has a lace top and a few scattered lace inserts at the hips. Fine tucks and bead embroidery as delicate as thread appear everywhere. Incidentally, you'll see here a dress to remind you of Paris race courses long ago; of white crêpe with a savage black flower print, it has a white organdie collar piped with black velvet, which also makes the accompanying gloves and belt and the flowers on a wide-brimmed white toyo hat that completes the ensemble.

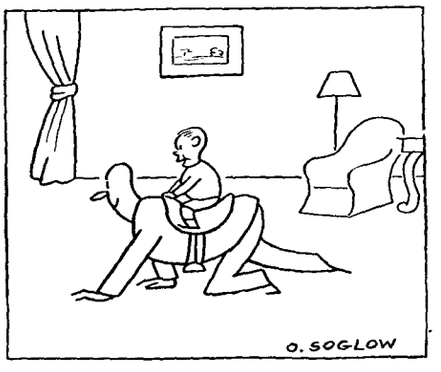
Nicole hats are famous. One of the new fabrics used in them is a coarse starched net with a mesh a good half-inch across; a white Scotch cap of rough straw has a dipped brim of this material and its top is clouded with great folds of it which descend eventually to tie under the chin. The net appears again in a gigantic bow on top of a small white straw sailor. For frivolity, you'll see a tiny red straw hat tilted over one eye and completely covered with clanking red cherries. Cherries also rattle on the backs of tiny red mesh gloves and across a red straw handbag. (If you think nothing can take the place of a charm bracelet to achieve castanet clatter, you should see, and hear, this audacious combination.) The next moment hats become very marquise—black horsehair lace plaques that are flat over the eyes and turn up sharply on top of the head, with pink roses in front for extra come-hither. For romance, great, wavy-brimmed hats of rough pink straw with pink camellias on top dip moodily over one eye. I am one who thinks that, social unrest or no, the world needs to feast its eyes on more of this leisurely, decorative type of luxury. It's good for the aesthetic sense, if not for the soul.

THE easy, urbane charm of Mainbocher's clothes will also make you wistful. His lines are perfect for American women, his detail satisfactory to the fussiest Continental. In his shop at 6 East 57th Street, there are quantities of evening and dinner clothes with trim contrasting tops that usually have simple, round necks and smooth shoulders. Peplums of every possible type are all over the place; so are skirts with a tendency to flow out longer and fuller in back; capes are a mania. A printed chiffon dress, for instance, with a round neck and long, tight sleeves has a peplum done all in handkerchief points; a polka-dot evening affair has a round-necked contrasting top, a double circular peplum, and a cape in three circular tiers. If you want high drama in black and white, Mainbocher, long an artist in this line, shows a dress that has a round-necked white top embroidered with fine white beads and dotted with tiny gold-metal bells; there is a full white panel down the front of its black skirt and a vast scarf, half black and half white, to wrap around your shoulders. Another of his ideas consists of a full-length cape—a swashbuckling affair that is white at the top and has a deep black band around its hem—and a dress with a black skirt and a white top adorned by white-and-gold embroidery. Look too at a heavenly all-black net dress with peacock fullness at the back of the skirt, a square neck, and a peplum that is nothing but loops of black satin ribbon. Fine embroidery in a pink-and-green floral design sprawls down the side of one triumph to serve as a link between its white crêpe bodice and its black crêpe skirt. The skirt of a beautiful banana-color lace dress is a swirl of net; lace makes the costume's huge, circular peplum and also ripples over the shoulders like a









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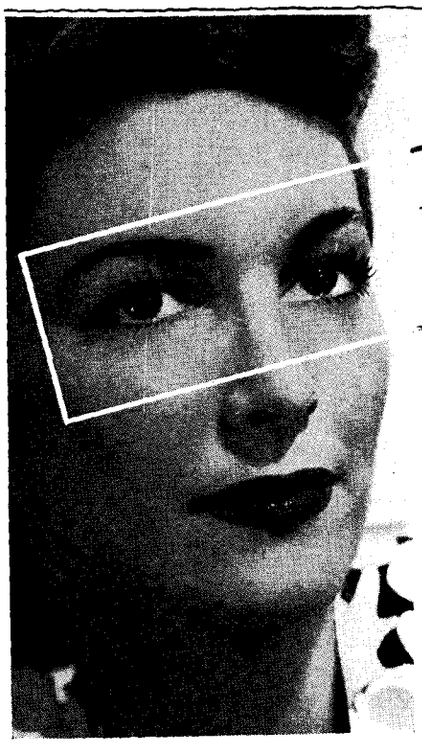

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cape. All in all, this is a stunning collection that manages at the same time to be enormously wearable and comfortable for people who remain stolidly non-exhibitionistic.

GUNTHER, at 666 Fifth Avenue (53rd), was one of the pioneers in reviving natural stone marten several seasons ago, so this shop knows what to do about this spring's vogue for blond, natural furs. If you hurry, you can get a jacket made of four of the few existent cross-fox skins with white ruffs. It is one of the most beautiful things you'll ever see, worth gawping at even if the $3,250 is lacking. Gunther expects the fall silhouette to be on the restrained military side and forecasts it with a straight, seven-eighths-length mink cape that has a twisted collar, slits for the arms, and shoulders softly padded so as not to project beyond your natural contours. For wear at once, the shop's beloved stone marten is used for a waist-length bolero with three-quarter sleeves and for a collarless jacket with a tuxedo front. There are also jackets of freak blue foxes, some of them trying valiantly to look like platina. White caracul makes a dramatic full-length evening cape with a small, folded collar and a mannishly slit back. The same fur appears again as a substitute for ermine in a tightly fitted jacket with loose sleeves.

The Gunther Budget Shop has always been a prime favorite of ours both for style and for value, and it has yet to let us down. Currently, white Indian broadtail (baby lamb, flat as anything) is being used here for things like wrist-length capes with rolled edges and summer ermine capes with military collars and horizontal treatment through the shoulders. A wonderful polar-wolf jacket with a high, collarless neck costs $125 and would make any girl the envy of the sorority, and there are other good things for less.

ONE of the wacky manifestations of a wacky world is the fact that the vogues for a full bosom and for V's cut

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almost to the waistline have arrived simultaneously. I have given up trying to understand this. If the fullness is natural, a very deep V can be, and often is, an aesthetic affront; if it's not—well, all I can say is that I have never heard of a time when it was chic to display the mechanics of a brassière. People equally bewildered might wish to be reminded again of Hazel Kolman, at 535 Madison Avenue (54th), who likes to make her slips with a lace top patterned after your favorite brassière; an extra bit of lace across the front from shoulder strap to shoulder strap fixes it so that a glimpse of lingerie in the V of your dress is both dainty and provocative. Kolman has a distaste for pink or white slips that show, however occasionally, under suit skirts, but she likes pink or white freshness under blouses as much as anyone else. Hence she offers some satin slips, cut on the bias through the waistline, which are in some dark color or other at the bottom and gradually shaded into any light hue you want at the top. (Everything is made to order.) These are only a couple of her whimsies, and I needn't tell you about the others, for once you get in there you'll have to fight your way through a hundred temptations. The woman's wonderful. —L. L.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Wilkes-Barre Times-Leader]

SURPRISE SHOWER

In honor of Miss Emily Hosdovic, of 10 Sycamore street, a surprise shower was given by her sisters, Mrs. Homza, Mrs. Emrick and Miss Helen Hosdovic.

Present were Miss Pauline Baloga, Miss Helen Iskra, Miss Emily Jubis, Miss Mary Banas, Miss Emily Jubis, Miss Mary Banas, Miss Emily Ungvarsky, Miss Anna Ungvarsky, Miss Irene Paul, Miss Anna Choplik, Miss Maria Halcisak, Miss Anna Gasda, Miss Florence Klichner, Miss Stella Martin, Miss Tilly Choico, Miss Mary Smolko, Miss Anna Barnas, Mrs. Malasheskie, Mrs. Pritchnik, Mrs. Grave, Mrs. Anna Hosdovic, Mrs. Mary Qovak, Mrs. Helen Koval, Mrs. Rose Palencar, Mrs. Iva Palencar, Mrs. Rubiscak, Mrs. Justine Ceklosky, Mrs. Julia Iskra, Mrs. Verna Haylek, Mrs. Emily Prebula, Mrs. Jubis, Mrs. Mary Staviscak, Mrs. Mary Breznay, Mrs. Joe Lisnak, Mrs. Joe Hudak, Mrs. Josephine Adamitos, Mrs. Irene Sadrocky, Mrs. Sophie Karmova, Mrs. Savitsky, Mrs. Mary Rembish, Mrs. John Hosdovic, Mrs. Anna Ondria, Mrs. Eva Ondria, Miss Maria Molitoris, Miss Mary Kudric, Mrs. Martha Malos, Miss Florence Emrick, Miss Sophie Hudak, Miss Lottie Brown, Miss Betty Iskra, Miss Anne Homza, Miss Helen Hosdovic, Mrs. M. Homza, Mrs. J. Tirpack, Mrs. Anna Emrick, Miss Betty Yurina and Miss Emily Hosdovic.

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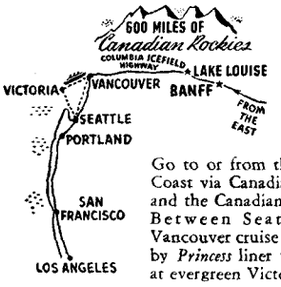

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THE RACE TRACK

Something to See

WHATEVER your luck may have been at the opening of the racing season at Jamaica last Saturday, you'll have to admit that the Metropolitan Jockey Club has put up a swell new grandstand out there. Of course, it's going to take weeks to learn the quickest way from the paddock to the mezzanine tote windows, and probably longer than that to rub all the powdery surface of the concrete walls off on your coat; also, the stairs are rather steep and the entrances to the boxes hard to find. But these are details; no doubt about it, this is a more comfortable stand to watch races from than Belmont Park's. As for the glass-enclosed clubhouse restaurant, I can be just as complimentary. It has three levels, arranged something like the French Pavilion at the Fair, and no matter where you sit you can see the odds board and the horses. The clubhouse entrance has been given such gay modernist touches as dark-blue-and-gold-tiled walls and gilded-brass and stainless-steel metalwork. Even Santa Anita has nothing like it.

Nobody at the opening could remember seeing more people at Jamaica—or at any other New York track, except Belmont Park last Memorial Day. They bet like mad; during the afternoon, $1,288,551 was handled in the seven races, a new high for the track. The programs are new, too; they are slightly shorter and wider than the old race cards and are folded down one side, like magazines, instead of across the top. At first, this change annoyed a lot of superstitious horseplayers, who have a special way of tearing off the corners of their race cards ("Lets out the bad luck," they say) and weren't sure that the technique would work with the new programs. They felt better, though, after five out of seven favorites won.

GETTING around to the horses, Ogden Phipps' King Cole won the Paumonok Handicap, as this department thought he would. No matter what a few embittered trainers may say, it's not true that the Metropolitan Jockey Club

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intends to rename the race the Fitzsimmons Handicap because Fitz has saddled the last four winners. King Cole, whom Fitzsimmons trotted out last weekend, ran so fast and won so easily that some people are shouting that he's going to gallop off with the Kentucky Derby. My guess is we'll know more after the Wood Stakes on April 26th, for that race is nearer the Derby distance than the Paumonok, and Dispose, Curious Coin, and other good horses who were not in the Paumonok are going to run in it.

As a matter of fact, it is never safe to have a Kentucky Derby fancy until the day before the race, and sometimes it is not safe even then. Bold Irishman, over whom I got quite enthusiastic last week, banged a leg—nobody knows exactly how—while lolling in his stall the other day. Fitzsimmons, who trains him, says that the mishap is not at all serious and that the colt will run in the Wood Stakes, but those who are interested in Bold Irishman wish the thing had not happened.

If there were awards to trainers for being honest about their horses, one should certainly go to Max Hirsch, who announced a few days ago that Dispose is the only colt he is training for the Kentucky Derby. Hirsch is going to scratch the seven other eligibles he has in his stable so that nobody will lose money betting on them in the future books.

The Experimental Handicap, for which weights are based on Jack Campbell's rating of the two-year-olds at the close of last season, will be run at Jamaica this weekend, and I don't think you need look beyond Dispose for the winner. The Excelsior Handicap, on the same afternoon, is no more of a problem. Although I haven't seen the weights for it, I will have a ticket on Fenelon.

ELBOWING through the crowd at Jamaica last Saturday, Colonel Martingale stopped to listen to a portable radio broadcasting the Southern Maryland Handicap at Bowie. The Colonel wasn't surprised that Ringie won the race, but he was disappointed because Whitey Abel's Honey Cloud finished no better than fourth. It seems that Honey Cloud becomes unusually nervous in the saddling paddock and that Abel, who once rode for H. P. Whitney, had fixed up a special set of blinkers—sort of eyeshades—for the animal to wear there, hoping this would calm him. Abel's theory is that Honey Cloud is upset by the sight of too many people

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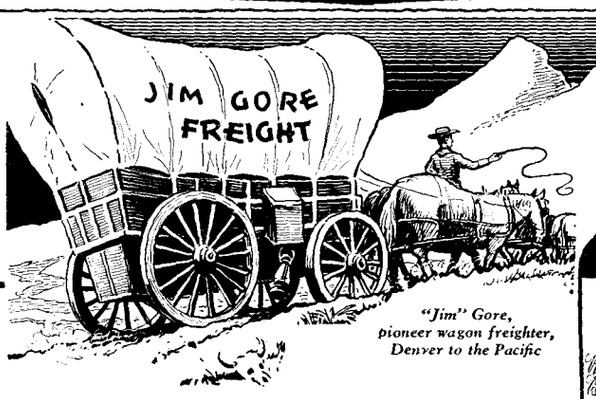

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and he thought the eyeshade would make him think he was alone. Apparently it did no good, but the incident gives you an idea of what trainers will do in an effort to help their horses win.

Whirlaway, who doesn't wear trick blinkers, won at Keeneland last week. I have it on the word of a first-class observer, however, that he had a hard time putting down Blue Pair, who had not run in months. Whirlaway will have to beat Our Boots in the Blue Grass Stakes out there to get any laudatory comment from me.

As you know, Joe Schenck won the $10,000 Tropical Handicap, which ended the racing at Miami last week. I imagine Herbert Woolf, who owns him, was immensely pleased, for lately the horse has been running indifferently, to say the least. I believe it was John Madden who once said that a horse always runs back to his best form—if you wait long enough. Sometimes you certainly have to.

NOTES ON AN OLD JAMAICA TICKET: Hirsch Jacobs started off with two winners. . . . Lester Doctor is in the market for a guide to help him find his way around the stand. . . . Although the Turf and Field Club box is twice as large as it used to be, it still isn't big enough to hold all the associate members. —AUDAX MINOR

•

To the Editor of THE NEW YORK TIMES:

Now that the draft denies an individual the right to protest entrance into the Army, excepting conscientious objectors, all others are compelled to comply.

Thousands of vegetarians whose way of life differs sharply from the average will have their way of living rudely disrupted. They eat only natural foods that grow on trees, vines and in the soil. They eat balanced diets consisting of raw foods, vegetables and nuts. They cannot and will not eat meat, fish, white flour or other devitalized cooked foods. It is certain that our Army officers will disregard the dietetic needs of vegetarians.

Futhermore, vegetarians regard the orthodox medical profession as a body pledged to undermine healthy human beings by injecting serums, vaccines and other inorganic chemical compounds. They feel, too, that the ordinary Army life will be detrimental to their well-being.

I believe that vegetarians who are drafted should be formed into a special division. Thus they would be served by their own cooks, eat their raw foods and not be subjected to the injection of foreign chemicals. RODNEY G. AHLSTON

Brooklyn, Feb. 13, 1941

—*Letter in the Times.*

Except those which that old vegetarian Hitler might employ.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Audiences Liked Them

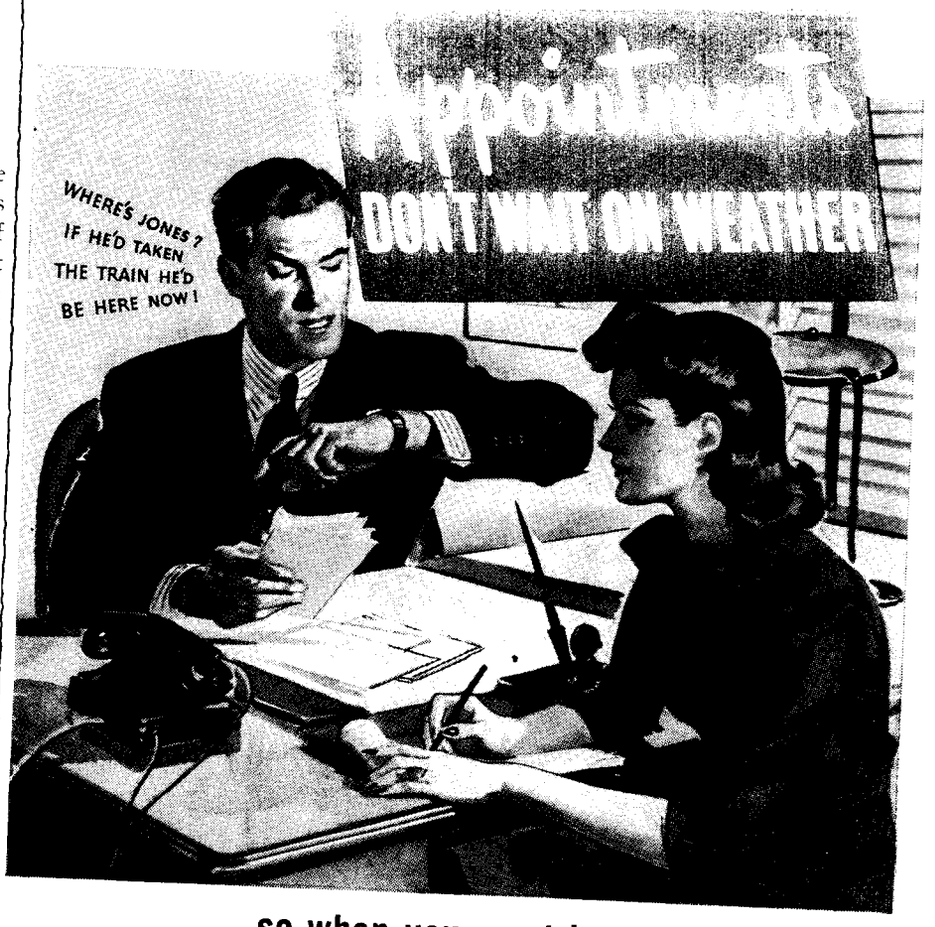
PERHAPS the Metropolitan's presentations of "Parsifal" shouldn't be examined as one might take apart regulation operatic showings, because "Parsifal" is, for many listeners, an experience rather than a performance. These listeners are ready to overlook the mechanical shortcomings of the production and not to pay much attention to such matters as occasional curious sounds from the brasses or from the Flower Maidens. All told, the offering of "Parsifal" that I attended last week was for these hearers an experience. It succeeded in conveying the mood and the message of the work.

The Metropolitan is fortunate in having Mme. Kirsten Flagstad and Lauritz Melchior available for Kundry and Parsifal. Mme. Flagstad's singing was at least equal to her season's best, and she demonstrated once more her great gift for acting with her voice. There seemed to be a little more physical activity in her impersonation than there used to be, but it didn't make much difference, because her management of words and music overshadows her stage business. Mr. Melchior's simplicity, dignity, and excellent vocal condition added up to the restrained power that makes his Parsifal memorable.

In many operas, the out-and-out reprehensible characters often take the artistic honors, but it wasn't that way in "Parsifal." Klingsor, as sung by Walter Olitzki, snarled too much to be an impressive menace, and the Flower Maidens, however attractive their individual voices may have been, frequently exhibited a community tremolo. Somehow, that quiver almost always shows up when Wagner's concerted music for women's voices is sung.

The orchestra wasn't in its best form in the earlier parts of the performance, and the seating arrangement in the pit, evidently designed for greater clarity, tended to make any bobbles especially prominent. Later, things smoothed themselves out, and the important "singing" tone developed.

MME. POVLA FRIJSH attracted an unusual audience to her latest Town Hall recital, as Mme. Frijsh in-



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variably does. Included among the many Frijsh enthusiasts, there were flocks of young singers who apparently came along to discover what it was that she has that they would like to have. Well, what she has is the uncommon ability to take over a song and sing it as if it were her own creation. Even when she encounters something that isn't right for her voice, such as Schubert's "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus," she knows how to make the underlying idea register.

Certain technical tricks of stance on the stage, facial expression, and gesture must have been illuminating for the visiting students. They were only accessories, however, to what the professors used to call "identification with the music." Incidentally—or maybe it shouldn't be so incidentally—Mme. Frijsh remains one of the few recitalists who can sing a humorous ditty without any this-is-going-to-kill-you mannerisms.

WORD of Sir Thomas Beecham's achievements with the New York City Symphony got around quickly after his first concert with the WPA orchestra, and on the evening of his second appearance one could hardly get into Carnegie Hall with a shoehorn, as the saying is. (Has anybody ever really tried to get into a building with a shoehorn?)

It is safe to report that no one who listened to—and looked at—Sir Thomas was disappointed. Haydn and Mozart symphonies were directed with masterful vitality and imagination, and the same qualities did wonders for lesser works by Delius and Dvořák. Those who sat near the platform could hear, without extra charge, the animated vocal interpolations of the conductor—sounds that ranged in volume from a hushed hiss to a mighty, cheerful conductorial equivalent of "Yoicks." These occasional contributions were part of Sir Thomas's unconventional method of directing, and the results of his stimulating leadership were immense. So were the ovations of the audience.

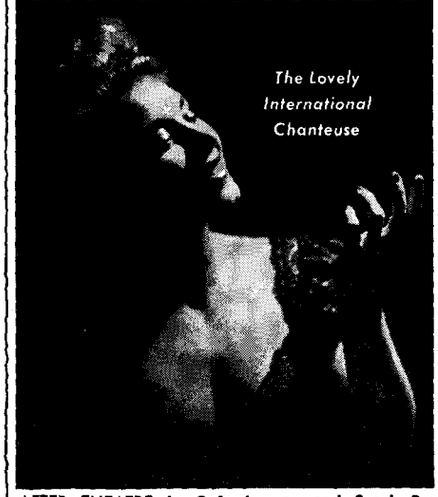
—ROBERT A. SIMON

POPULAR RECORDS

Singing and Swinging

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE refused to be hurried into recording the songs from her current show, "Lady in the Dark," and as a result quite a few other singers came out ahead of her with their versions of some of her most successful numbers in the production. The delay, Miss Lawrence recently explained, was a matter of waiting until her vocal cords

HILDEGARDE



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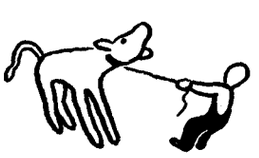
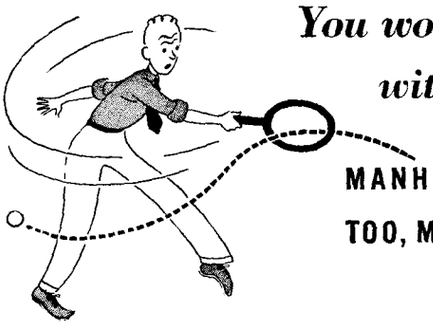
were at their best, and she put off making the records several times before she felt her voice was everything it should be for the job. The moment finally arrived, however, and now we have her "Lady in the Dark" album (Victor P-60), which is as satisfying as it is tardy.

Vocally, the moment picked by Miss Lawrence seems to have been a very good one indeed. She takes the music in her stride, and some of it, as you know if you're familiar with the score, isn't easy. A quartet of male singers from the show assists and the orchestrations are deft and yet plain—just right for an album in which the singing is the important thing. "Jenny," "My Ship," "This Is New," "The Princess of Pure Delight," and "One Life to Live" receive attention for a side apiece; "Huxley," "Oh, Fabulous One," and "Girl of the Moment" are presented as a medley.

Bing Crosby probably wouldn't know how to go about making a bad record or even one that could be called only so-so, for he is a natural singer who doesn't have to bother about such matters as how long to hold a note, where to stick in personality, and so on. He just sings, and somehow it all seems right. Crosby has done it again on Decca 3644. One side of this is given over to a rather elaborate version of the song "Dolores," with Crosby getting support from brother Bob's band, known as the Bob Cats, as well as from the Merry Macs; on the other, Bing sings "De Camptown Races" with a different group of assistants—the King's Men and Victor Young's orchestra. Both sides are tops, and I think you'll like the way everybody works together.

NO admirer of John Kirby will want to pass up the album which his sextet has just made for Columbia (C-45). It is full of fast, mad, Kirbyesque pieces, with the leader thumping his bass fiddle, Billy Kyle playing the piano, Charlie Shavers the trumpet, Buster Bailey the clarinet, Russell Procope the saxophone, and O'Neill Spencer the drums. The six play with singular smoothness, whether they're at work on "The Bounce of the Sugar Plum Fairy," which is a swung version of a vignette from Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite," or "Double Talk," a clever interplay of two lines of melody and not a fugue, as the





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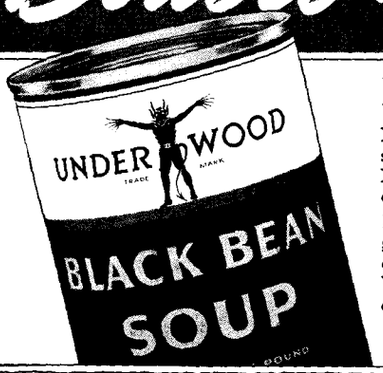

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NOW for the cream of the recent dance records (if it's swing you're after, stick to the titles followed by an asterisk):

IT'S SQUARE, BUT IT ROCKS* and PRAIRIELAND LULLABY—Will Bradley and his orchestra. Freddie Slack, Bradley's pianist, does some neat stunts in the "It's Square" piece, getting nice backing from the rest of the rhythm section and the leader's trombone. "Prairieland Lullaby" is a simple tune, simply done. (*Columbia 36014*)

CHANTEZ LES BAS and DANZA LUCUMÍ—Artie Shaw and his orchestra. It's pretty generally accepted now that Shaw's present style is something new in dance music, and his delivery of "Chantez les Bas" (which might be translated "Sing 'Em Low") is a case in point. "Danza Lucumí," by Ernesto Lecuona, is played as a rumba. (*Victor 27354*)

BLUE SERGE and JUMPIN' PUNKINS*—Duke Ellington and his orchestra. The Duke's son Mercer is the composer of both these numbers. "Blue Serge" is really a surge of blues; "Jumpin' Punkins" is hot. You wouldn't expect there'd be anything wrong with the playing, and there isn't. (*Victor 27356*)

THE JITTERS* and BROADWAY*—Count Basie and his orchestra. A lot goes on in "The Jitters," but you'd never guess it from the easy flow of the music. In "Broadway," the Count's fleet pianistics are the high spot. (*Okeh 6095*)

TURN LEFT* and TURN RIGHT*—Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra. No matter which way you turn, here's first-rate swing by one of the best bands in the business. (*Decca 3647*)

WALTZ OF THE FLOWERS and SERENADE—Ambrose and his orchestra. The "Waltz," by the Russian Tchaikovsky, and the "Serenade," by the Austrian Schubert, are both given American dance treatment by a conductor who made his reputation in England. (*Decca 3652*)

—OFFBEAT

•

Very likely there will be a lot of space used in telling about how Joe Gordon is learning how to play his new position at first base.

This business of making a switch from second or any other infield position to first base really is nothing to sit up nights worrying about.

The difficulties are greatly overstressed. As a matter of fact there isn't anything marvelous or particularly smart about it. Young ball players, coming up in the minors, switch from second or any other infield position to first base really is nothing to sit up nights worrying about.

The difficulties are greatly overstressed. As a matter of fact there isn't anything marvelous or particularly smart about it. Young ball players, coming up in the minors, switch around from pillar to post and think nothing especially of it.—*C. M. Gibbs in the Baltimore Sun.*

Let's see, what base are we on now?

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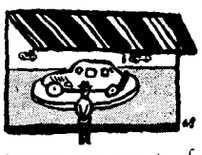
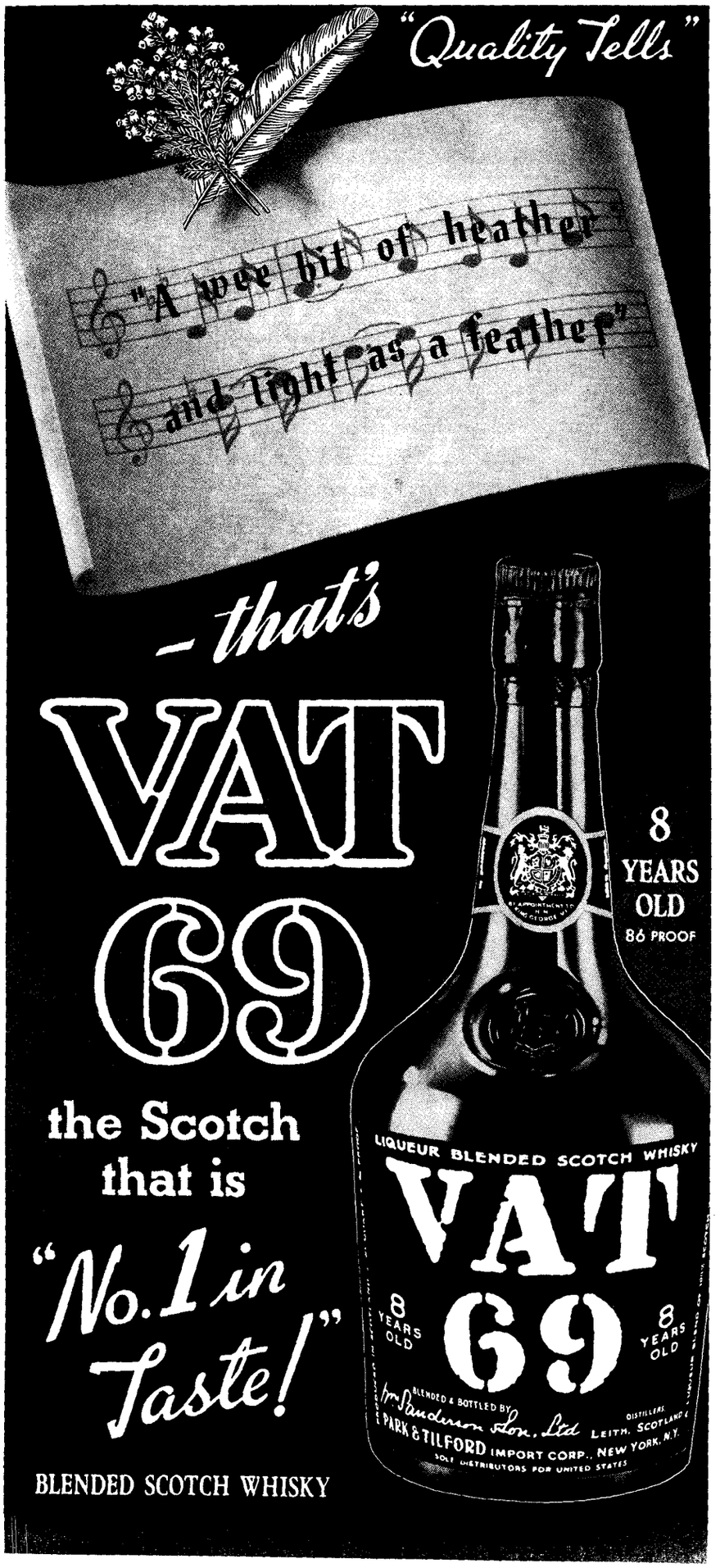


HOW long it will last no one of course can say, but at the moment our automobile manufacturers appear to feel up to getting out new models with one hand and filling defence orders with the other. Within the last few weeks, at least a dozen new midseason models have appeared in local showrooms, and I understand that nearly every company has its 1942 versions already in the works. We may even have an Automobile Show of sorts next fall, although this is still far from certain. If we do, it won't be run by the manufacturers, as in recent years, but by New York dealers, who in the past have on occasion successfully staged the Palace event. I think it is safe to say that any show which may develop will be less elaborate and less expensive than those we have become accustomed to and that special exhibits will be full of combat cars, caissons, and tanks instead of palm-frond backgrounds and beautiful girls.

As for the 1942 automobiles themselves, you may be sure there won't be as many important changes as we had a right to expect back when we weren't thinking much about defence, for changes mean machine tools—dies, presses, and so on—and Detroit is using most of whatever machine tools it can get hold of these days to equip new armament plants. The government thinks there are much better things to do with chromium than use it indiscriminately as trimming (a point of view which I once feared was almost exclusively mine), and in consequence there'll be a lot less of the stuff scattered over the bodies of next fall's new cars. I'm told that the designers are turning to plastics for their effects, and if these aren't the final answer, they should at least suggest some new decorating possibilities. Mixing the bitter with the sweet, the new models will also have to get along without much aluminum, which, unfortunately, is a lot more useful inside a car than chromium is outside. Its place in engines will probably be taken by some heavier substitute, such as cast iron.

MOST "spring specials"—models that come along a few months after the important innovations of the year have been presented at the Auto-



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mobile Show—involve only minor alterations in design, but not the new Packard Clipper, a four-door, five-passenger sports sedan which has just arrived in town. Its design is so entirely unlike anything Packard has ever done before that it seems almost a new car. Much as the Clipper differs from its predecessors, however, the makers insist that it is not to be regarded as a 1942 model or as an indication of what their next year's cars are going to look like, and are putting it out in only one body style.

The Clipper is the lowest and widest Packard yet built, and in it the characteristic Packard lines have all but disappeared, except in the radiator, which is subordinated to full, sweeping fenders whose bulges extend all the way back to the front doors. The bars of the radiator grilles contribute to the low, spready, unorthodox effect by running horizontally, like those of most other makes these days, instead of vertically, as they still do on all other Packards. The seats in the Clipper are seven inches wider than in the regular 1941 model and, although the top is four inches lower, there is an additional two inches of headroom. This feat of seemingly getting more room in less space has been accomplished not by the sacrifice of road clearance but by lowering the floor on either side of the drive shaft, which is provided for by an unobtrusive, carpet-covered hump down the middle.

The Clipper, which sells for $1,478 in New York, also has a trick engine hood which can be lifted right off like the top of a saucepan, but what I admire perhaps most of all is the liberal use of glass to make a good, big windshield and one of the largest rear windows I've ever come across. I hope automobile designers everywhere will share my enthusiasm on this point. There's nothing like being able to see out when you're driving.

ANOTHER step in what seems to me the right direction has been taken in the design of the new "short" Buicks, which indicate that somebody is thinking realistically about the problem of parking at crowded city curbs and in cramped suburban garages. In these cars, Buick has lopped six inches (three from the wheelbase and three from the body overhang) from four models in its low-priced Series 40 Special line—a three-passenger business coupé, a six-passenger sports coupé, a six-passenger convertible coupé, and a four-door sedan. Aside from the length, no changes have been made in the shorter cars, which cost

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about $50 less than the same models in the standard Series 40 Special size.

CHRYSLER has two spring offerings worth noting. One is the town sedan, a hybrid that has the sporty lines of a modern sedan outside and the conservative features of a limousine inside, and is designed for people who have chauffeurs but who sometimes want to drive themselves. A sloping top and a glass partition that may be raised or lowered between the front and back seats by the push of a button do the trick. A Chrysler town sedan costs $1,886; a De Soto with the same features is $1,589.

The other Chrysler novelty is a station wagon aptly called Town and Country, for it has a very dressy, unwagonlike look. This, the first station wagon ever built on a Chrysler chassis, has a steel top curving rakishly down to the tail gate and a minimum of the conventional mahogany-and-white-ash panelling—all in all, a pretty thorough job of disguising an honest utilitarian function. You can fold the auxiliary middle seat up against the driver's seat when you need extra space for luggage, which strikes me as an improvement over those that have to be hauled in and out of the wagon. The Town and Country is $1,533.50.

CHEVROLET and Studebaker are both out with contributions to automotive elegance. The new Chevrolet, a four-door sedan called the Fleetline, has a richly upholstered, racy-looking Fisher body, a handsome new instrument panel, and a lot of other little improvements, which make it more super and more deluxe by about $25 than Chevrolet's regular 1941 Special De Luxe sedan.

Studebaker, with its new Skyway, is one of the first makers to fall in step with the times by cutting down on the use of chromium, and I don't think you'll miss it. Decked out with a number of new accessories, the model appears in the Commander and President series at from $1,145 to $1,338.—L. K. B.

•

It gives me no little satisfaction to come fresh from the American Congress... —*Senator Claude Pepper of Florida, speaking in Toronto, March 17th.*

I would prefer this time when I can come fresh from the Congress of the United States...—*Senator Claude Pepper, speaking in Ottawa, March 18th.*

It gives me not a little satisfaction to come to you now fresh from the Congress of the United States...—*Senator Claude Pepper, speaking in Ottawa, March 19th.*

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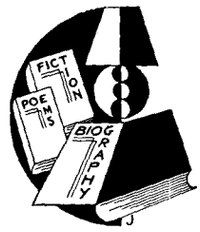
BOOKS

Mainly Winston Churchill



THE clarion voice of Winston Churchill seems almost to reduce to inaudibility the balance of the week's publications.

"Blood, Sweat, and Tears," edited by his son, Randolph, is a kind of sequel to "While England Slept." It comprises the Prime Minister's speeches from May 5, 1938 (on the Eire Bill), to the magnificent broadcast of February 9, 1941 ("Give us the tools and we will finish the job"). Hence it includes his six classic summaries of the war situation, as well as the address to the people of Italy, his tribute to the R.A.F., and his parliamentary addresses dealing with matters of more narrowly domestic concern.

An authoritative appraisal must be left to hands more competent than mine, but there are two general comments I should think any perceptive reader would be capable of making. The first is that these speeches, viewed now in retrospect, prove Churchill was right nine times out of ten in his judgment of the varying phases of the world crisis. The second is that much of this book is literature.

Only in his confidence in France does Churchill seem to have made a grave error in calculation, an error committed, it would appear, by everybody but Hitler, Abetz & Co. For the rest, there is virtually nothing here, whether pre- or post-September 3, 1939, that does not reveal the sombre insight of a world statesman capable of conceiving perspectives no less gigantic than those of Hitler but never allowing his imagination to affect the realism of his evaluations, whether of triumph or disaster.

As to Churchill's literary merit, I should say that he is unequalled today in his use of the grand style of Burke, many of whose cadences and climaxes he echoes or surpasses. It is forensic literature, of course, which many think a bastard art, but it is literature nonetheless. I find Churchill's printed words often more powerful than his spoken ones, probably because to our American ears he is a rather old-fashioned orator, working in a heavy parliamentary style that seems a trifle absurd to us. But I think few can read his address to the Italian people, or to the French people, or the terrific climax ("We shall fight in the fields and in the streets," and so on) of the speech on Dunkerque without realizing that in Churchill England has produced one of its greatest masters of rhetoric and exhortation.

EMILY HAHN, with whose stories of China *New Yorker* readers are familiar, has done a tri-biography, "The Soong Sisters." It should satisfy completely any curiosity you may have about the most renowned trinity of females since the Parcae. Miss Hahn is an American who has lived in China for some years. She is thus well equipped to write about the Soong girls, because they too are a product of two cultures. The father of the Soongs spent his youth and young manhood here (his American name was Charlie Jones Soong), was baptized into the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to the end of his days bore the stamp of his American training. The girls—Eling, Chingling, and Mayling—went to the Wesleyan College for Women in Georgia and are even today, in much of their opinion, decisively American. Miss Hahn is a sympathetic interpreter of this mingling (sounds like a fourth sister) of traditions.

The outlines of their story, which has almost a fairy-tale quality, are well known. Eling, the eldest, married a Y.M.C.A. worker named Kung Hsiang-hsi, who turned out to be modern China's outstanding financial and banking expert. Chingling married well too—she became Mme. Sun Yat-sen. Mayling, of course, now the most famous of the sisters, made a farsighted choice when she married Chiang Kai-shek. Their careers, obviously, are closely interwoven with the entire history of modern China. Politically, they have often been deeply divided, but the bombs of Japan have at last reunited them. They stand today as a picturesque symbol of whatever unity China has so far painfully attained.

Miss Hahn has not solved the probably insoluble problem of writing a book about the Soongs. When she concentrates on their personalities (as she

"Why, this is one of the things they're always drinking in Louis Bromfield!"

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"Gunnar Gunnarsson

—he must comprise in himself a considerable part of Iceland's literati—writes like few literary chaps you're apt to think of, unless it be the early Knut Hamsun. His tales have a flavor, exceedingly simple and devout, of the medieval *conte*," says CLIFTON FADIMAN in *The New Yorker*

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does in the charming opening chapters describing their youth), she has to neglect the complex history of China. When she retells that history, she has to fit the Soong sisters in somewhat artificially, for, after all, the events are much greater than the girls themselves. Also, Miss Hahn is handicapped—this again is hardly her fault—by the fact that so much of the story—the Sian kidnapping, for example—has been recounted in other books by equally competent journalists. On the whole, however, her readable book fills its niche most acceptably.

THERE is something delightful about the way H. G. Wells, now seventy-five, keeps on stubbornly protecting his investment in the future, of which he has long enjoyed a sort of monopoly of prophecy. You would think the present crisis might dampen even the hottest Utopian ardor, but here is Mr. Wells, the English sky above him dark with destruction, writing an extremely cheerful, even gay book about the salvation of his pet—mankind.

"All Aboard for Ararat" is an account of a series of conversations between Noah Lammock (Mr. Wells, I believe) and God. The problem is to save mankind through a new flood and a new ark. God, as you may imagine, is less certain about how this should be done than is Noah-Wells, but between the two of them the work of salvation is well started, and so are the hares of several diverting and satirical conversations in Mr. Wells' familiar vein. How can Hitler ever expect to destroy a people capable of producing a man who will write thus in days like these?

CARE to get the latest lowdown on the sea serpent, which is probably real and not a feature editor's fancy? Would you like to learn about the unicorn? Do you know that the Cyclopes were elephants? What is a Jenny Haniver? How are you on tatzelwurms, horned snakes, geirfugls, quaggas, and wisents? Has anyone ever told you the whole story of the platypus?

I refer the curious to Willy Ley's "The Lungfish and the Unicorn," an odd book subtitled "An Excursion into Romantic Zoology." In it you will learn everything about mythical animals (which Dr. Ley demonstrates to have been not so mythical after all) like the dragon and the basilisk, about extinct beasts such as the urus and the dodo, and about certain animals which, though they should have been extinct long ago, are still doing business and rejoicing the

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hearts of zoologists. What is known as Lore, and very diverting Lore at that.

By the way, the last real penguin was killed in 1844. What *you* think are penguins aren't penguins at all but some other birds by the same name.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NOT WITHOUT PERIL, by Marguerite Allis. Not just another American pioneer story but a novel of full stature, dramatic, fast-moving, and absorbing. Miss Allis takes as her main character a real woman, Jemima Sartwell, who once lived in what is now Vermont, who survived three husbands and an Indian captivity, and bore eight children. Jemima herself is perhaps over-romanticized, but the hard pioneer life she lived has force and meaning, the Indians are not always cruel and bloodthirsty savages, the speech seems authentic and the action credible. Ought to make a first-class movie, too.

ANOTHER MORNING, by Wessel Smitter. A pioneer novel of a different sort, but nonetheless real too. A few years ago the government decided to take a couple of hundred families off relief and establish them as farmers in Alaska. Mr. Smitter follows them on the uncomfortable journey and through the backbreaking labor of their first year in a strange country. They reclaim the wilderness with the help of modern hygiene and a Diesel tractor. No wild Indians this time, but plenty of mosquitoes, a winter eight months long, and other difficulties, mechanical and human, and always interesting.

IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE, by James Street. A warmhearted and touching story of the Mississippi backwoods, told by the young boy of the family, who unintentionally causes lots of trouble, including the murder of his sister's sweetheart and the death of his father, whom he deeply loves. Read it if you liked "The Yearling."

THEY WENT ON TOGETHER, by Robert Nathan. Mr. Nathan's novel is also related by a boy, a bewildered one who, with his mother and sister, joins the stream of refugees trying to keep ahead of a modern mechanical army. No particular army, apparently, and no particular country, which may be why, in spite of the affecting subject and the author's skill, the story is vague and a little flat.

MANHOLD, by Phyllis Bentley. With

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and his Orchestra
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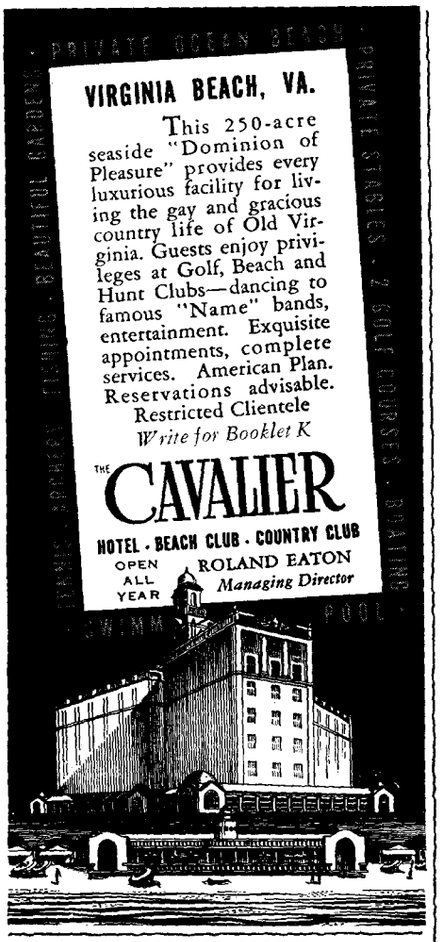

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this novel, covering the period from 1720 to 1805, Miss Bentley completes her series of stories about the West Riding. This one is a melodramatic tale of a family quarrel, the ambitions of a wool merchant, and an estate fought over for three generations. Pretty gloomy.

THE HABIT OF EMPIRE, by Paul Horgan, with illustrations by Peter Hurd. The story of the conquest by the Spaniards in 1599 of the New Mexican Indian village of Acoma, built on a rock five hundred feet high. A short novel, well and sympathetically done.

THE DEEP, by Kaj Klitgaard. Mr. Klitgaard is a romantic of such intense dye as to seem practically an eccentric. This book is an account of a Danish sailor's loves and wanderings from 1910 to 1918. Though it lacks coherence, it has freshness and is full of wild fo'c'sle tales and heady conversations. It is in the second person plural, which doesn't make for easy reading. Odd stuff.

GENERAL

THE ASTORS, by Harvey O'Connor. Superb group biography of the Astor clan, including its collateral branches: good conservators, social ladies, some fairly dull people, the flamboyant Chanlers, William Waldorf Astor (who became an English lord after he seceded from the Union), and the leaders of the Cliveden set, all dominated by the tradition of the first John Jacob Astor. Some new material, plus a good bit of New York social history (in both meanings of the term) since the Revolution. A substantial and entertaining job, quizzically liberal in viewpoint. Photographs and a handsome format.

THE ARMY OF THE FUTURE, by General Charles de Gaulle, anonymously translated. General de Gaulle's now celebrated treatise, published in 1934 and taken to heart by the German General Staff. Essentially a plea for, and description of the uses of, a highly trained, completely mechanized professional fighting force of 100,000 men. This is also a well-organized inquiry into the army's relation to modern society, written clearly and with a touch of literary distinction. Foreword by Walter Millis.

MANY MEXICOS, by Lesley Byrd Simpson. A fascinating commentary on the cultural history of Mexico from the Aztecs to Camacho, the result of some twelve years' research in the original sources. The author corrects many misconceptions about New

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Spain, shows the serious effects of land erosion on the Mexican economy, and paints in the social elements of each period in terms of the men and movements that influenced it. Lots of fresh and often witty detail. End-leaf map.

HELL-BENT FOR WAR, by General Hugh S. Johnson. The author lambastes what he calls "the pressure groups for war" and argues that we are being eased into a struggle we aren't ready for and don't want. He believes we must aid Britain only by such means as will not involve us in a European war and only to the extent that British aid does not impair sound hemisphere defence. The book includes a memorandum by Bernard M. Baruch on controls for war-time inflation, and General Johnson uses this as a text for criticism of the defence program.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS TODAY, assembled, with an introduction, by Harold L. Ickes. Twenty-eight articles on the freedom of the press and what newspapers do with it, by such specialists as Herbert Agar, Raymond Clapper, Ralph Ingersoll, George H. Gallup, Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, Archibald MacLeish, and Louis Stark, collected by Mr. Ickes. A lively symposium, led off by the arranger's tart introduction.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE OWL SANG THREE TIMES, by Vera Kelsey. That sudden death which appears to be heart failure has a new setting in Miss Kelsey's first mystery. A beautiful woman from Wisconsin brings murder to the foreign colony in Rio de Janeiro in this story of emotional conflicts and quarrels in the coffee industry. Recommended.

LADY IN LILAC, by Susannah Shane. A young girl who impersonates another young girl, a murder in a house on a secluded dead-end street in Brooklyn, a suite at the Waldorf, a cabin in the wilds of New Jersey, and a six-month-old kidnapping are stirred together into a tasty dish in this new Red Badge Prize Mystery. The story races along to the finish, where Love is waiting around the corner.

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